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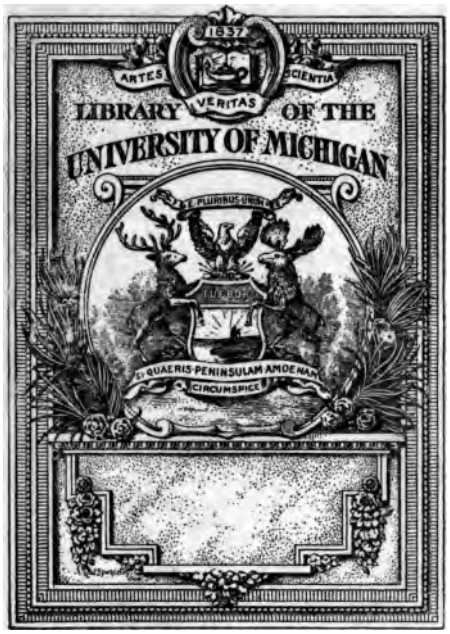
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William Thomas Arnold

Journalist and Historian

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U. of M.

Yours very sincerely
W. I. Arnold

William Thomas Arnold

[illegible] and Historian

[illegible] MONTAGUE

MANCHESTER
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
1907

PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS memoir was originally published in July, 1906, along with W. T. Arnold's fragmentary studies on Roman Imperialism. It is now reprinted separately in response to numerous requests. It is written by his sister Mrs. Humphry Ward, and by Mr. C. E. Montague, for many years his colleague on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*. Mrs. Ward has written the portions which deal with her brother's early life and last years. Mr. Montague has contributed the account of Arnold's Manchester life and of his activity as a journalist. The index has been compiled by Miss Marjorie Cooper, B.A. A bibliography of W. T. Arnold's writings has now been added.

March, 1907.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS

By MARY A. WARD

CHAPTER I.

Early Years.

William Thomas Arnold, the subject of this brief memoir, lived, on the whole, one of the "hidden lives" of England. He was a journalist, and, in the words of his intimate friend and colleague, he "took anonymity seriously." He never regretted this "self-obliteration," for he believed, as Mr. Montague says, that it served the true end of his work, and that "for a man who wanted to get things done, there was no work like journalism." But it is well that when the work is over, those for whom a man of this type has spent ungrudgingly the best years of his life, and the maturity of great powers, should know something about it. England is daily served, through her Press, by a wonderful wealth of conscience, ability, and public spirit. Arnold delighted to believe this; and whenever it was a question, during his lifetime, of doing honour to the qualities and services of the higher journalism, in the case of other men, no one was keener than he. The inference that such honour carried with it, as to his own personal case, would never have occurred to him. But those who watched him work, and those to whom the high level of English professional character is dear, will pardon it, I think, if we, his sister and his friend, endeavour, now that he is gone, to tell shortly the story

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of William Arnold's strenuous life and premature death, to point out the rarity and beauty of the qualities he possessed, or to illustrate the seriousness of the work to which he gave his powers. Of his historical writing,[1] others have spoken elsewhere. In these chapters we propose to give a general biographical account, and to show, in particular, Arnold's relation to journalism.

William Thomas Arnold was the eldest son and second child of Thomas and Julia Arnold, and was born at Hobart, Tasmania, on September 18th, 1852. His father, Thomas Arnold, was the second son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and Matthew Arnold's junior by less than a year. Moved by a young and democratic despair of the conditions of life, social and political, in the Old World, Thomas Arnold, like Philip Hewson, in the "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich,"—his partial portrait indeed, at the hand of his dear friend, Arthur Clough,—went out, in 1847, to seek for "simpler manners, purer laws" in the Colonies. He went to New Zealand, where Dr. Arnold had bought a little land some few years before. But the Oxford first classman, steeped in George Sand, Emerson and Carlyle, was not made for the rough-and-tumble conditions of an infant colony. He did his best; there was no idleness or shirking. But disillusion and disappointment were inevitable; and when, in 1849, Sir William Denison, then Governor of Tasmania, hearing that a son of Arnold's, with distinguished university antecedents, was in New Zealand, offered the young colonist the post of Chief Inspector of Schools for Tasmania, the offer was gladly accepted. Within a few months Thomas Arnold, the younger, had landed in Tasmania, and taken up his new work; he had also fallen in love with Miss Julia Sorell,

1. See for this List of Writings by W. T. Arnold, pp. 127-128.

the grand-daughter of a former Governor of the Colony, and he married her on June 15th, 1850.

Rather more than two years later their son William was born to them. He was a sunny, good-tempered child, placid generally, and self-contained, but getting his own way at times with the humorous determination he often showed in later life. A relation, for instance, gave him, on his fourth birthday, a little jacket, of which, as being no doubt a more masculine garment than he was accustomed to wear, he was vastly proud. A covetous elder sister of five tried to coax it out of him, and when baffled, declared that selfish boys could not go to heaven. Willy protested that he was certainly going there, and then added, hugging his jacket to him, "but I'll go with my jacket on though!" The sister and brother, a pair of happy companions, played together in Tasmanian fields, till, in 1856, dark days came upon the family. Thomas Arnold, after various vicissitudes of thought and belief, joined the Church of Rome in that year, and his position of Chief Inspector of the Colony's schools became untenable. He sailed for England in the autumn of 1856, with his wife and three young children.

It was a difficult and uncertain life to which he and they were going. He was without money or prospects at the time of his return; yet not without friends. Within a few months, he had been offered the professorship of English Literature in the new Catholic University of Dublin, of which Dr. Newman was the head, and for the next five years the family home was fixed in Ireland. Years of straightened means and constant struggles, passed in dismal furnished houses in Rathmines or Kingstown, with only the joys of the wide Kingstown sands, their gulls and their cockles, or the excitement of the storms in winter dashing against their little house on the sea-wall, or the

delight of the yearly box, in which the kind Tasmanian relations sent presents for father, mother and children, to brighten a record marked by few of the pleasures now lavished on the modern child. But throughout this time of poverty and stress, Thomas Arnold's old home, Fox How, —the grey stone house and beautiful garden in the Lakes, where Arnold of Rugby had passed his holidays—was often a place of paradise to the Tasmanian children. The delights of the garden; of its brook, which could be dammed and bridged by the third generation, as Matthew Arnold and his brothers and sisters had dammed and bridged it in the second; the charm of its wooded knolls, its strawberry beds, its rocks where the wild pinks grew, its hidden thickets of wild raspberries, its border of wood above the rippling or swirling Rotha; the humours of its old gardener, Banks, who gave out the Psalm and hymn-tunes on Sunday, in Rydal Chapel, with a tuning-fork; its beloved birch-tree, its outlook on the deep bosom of Fairfield, its roses and its rhododendrons,—these things sank deep into young hearts, and William Arnold's love of the Lakes, and of all the detail of their streams and hills, must be dated from these childish days. Nor was it only the garden and the fells that made their mark. Inside the house there were the influences of a home life which had been moulded by the personality of Arnold of Rugby, by his high intelligence, his unworldliness, his religious faith. The Doctor indeed was gone. Of his nine children only one—Frances, the youngest daughter—was still at home and unmarried. But his widow, wonderfully helped by "Aunt Fan," still held the family together, was still the idol of her children, scattered as they were over the world, and was now to become the friend and good angel of her grandchildren. William Arnold was always peculiarly devoted to her. Her gentleness, her clear brain,

her sympathy with children, her sense of fun, made even delightful Fox How more delightful. To tuck oneself up on the sofa beside "Grandmamma" while she told a story, to be shown the treasures of a little cabinet behind the sofa, which contained many relics of the Penroses from whom "Grandmamma" descended, to say one's hymn to her on Sunday afternoon, or to be promoted to drive with her to Rydal or Ambleside,—these were among the chief pleasures of the fast-increasing grandchildren; and there are many signs in Willy Arnold's letters from Rugby and Oxford which show how deeply Mrs. Arnold's personality and the Fox How influences generally had touched his affections as a child.

And as he grew older there were other houses of the Arnold kindred open to him, where he spent happy hours and learnt the love of nature. Woodhouse, near Loughborough, a small estate on the edge of Charnwood Forest, where lived Arnold's second daughter, then Mrs. Hiley, was a happy hunting ground to Willy, as to his brothers and sisters. "Isn't the avenue of limes near the Long Pond beautiful?" he asks eagerly in a childish letter written from Woodhouse when he was ten. And here, too, the mistress of the house, and the atmosphere surrounding her, were of importance to the boy's development. Mrs. Hiley—"Aunt Mary"—was always a special friend to her brother Tom's children, and her generous impetuous character will never be forgotten by those who knew her. A Liberal and reformer, as befitted her father's daughter, in the midst of a Tory countryside, a follower of Maurice and Kingsley in her ardent youth, keeping to the end of her life the same eager temperament, the same interest in religious and political discussion, "Aunt Mary," with her fine rugged face and keen dark eyes, was, even for a child, a very stimulating companion. The influence on

Willy Arnold of her passionate Liberalism, her natural love of equality, her sympathy with and understanding of peasant life, was renewed in many later visits, and he often spoke of it in later life. There were also another kind aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Cropper, of Dingle Bank, Liverpool, with whom the little boy passed happy weeks and months, in a house and grounds beside the Mersey, where he might spend his quick wits day by day in the watching of the tidal river and its shipping.

Meanwhile the struggle with poverty and a constantly increasing family had been somewhat lightened for Thomas Arnold and his high-spirited overburdened wife, by his appointment to the Classical Mastership of the Oratory School, Birmingham, of which John Henry Newman had recently become the head. The household moved to Edgbaston in January, 1862, and the two elder sons, Willy and Theodore, entered the Oratory School. By the terms of a compact then common in such cases, it had been agreed at the time of the father's conversion to Catholicism that the boys should follow his faith and the girls the mother's. But Catholicism never laid any hold upon the boys, owing no doubt to the influence of their mother and of the Arnold and Fox How traditions. Willy, especially, often recalled in later years the determination he had formed, even as a child in the Oratory School, to give it up as soon as he should be of an age to do so. But any conflict between father and son was averted by a temporary change in Tom Arnold's own opinions. Influenced by causes that he himself describes in his "Passages from a Wandering Life," he left the Church of Rome and broke off his connection with Dr. Newman, after three years at the Oratory. Old friends—his own and his father's—encouraged him to settle as a private tutor at Oxford; and thither the family moved in the summer of 1865.

Thenceforward the tide of their life set in a new direction. Or rather the years in Dublin and Edgbaston may be said to have represented a deviation from a more normal path, a path to which they now returned,—the children permanently, the father for a time only. The spirit of Oxford and Rugby recaptured them. Willy, now thirteen, was sent to Rugby, and went to a preparatory school for a year, while living as a child of the house in the family of the headmaster, Dr. Temple. Thence he was transferred to the house of Mr. Charles Arnold; he became in due time Head of School, won an open scholarship at University College, Oxford, in 1871, and went up to the University in the autumn of that year.

Already in his school-days he had given promise of the chief powers and characteristics of his manhood. He won an English literature prize of £5 at the Oratory when he was twelve years old, and well remembered Dr. Newman putting the golden coins into his hand, and the joy of the spending! He read "Paradise Lost" at the same age, and wrote sententiously to his mother: "I can truly say with Pope it has afforded me much pleasure!" And at Rugby, as he says in an Oxford letter, he read "all the English poets," read indeed omnivorously, with a hungry delight and curiosity, which affected all his later development, but was not perhaps immediately favourable to his success in the Oxford Schools. His bodily prowess developed at the same time. He was not in the first rank as a cricketer or a football player, but he was Captain of his House Eleven at Rugby, and head of the Twenty-Two, while he only just failed to play in the School Eleven against Marlborough. Later on, boating at Oxford, "hare and hounds," and long walks took the place of cricket and football.

The influences of Rugby, however, during William

Arnold's later years there, were by no means wholly advantageous. Those were the days of Dr. Hayman, and the internal strife which for a time darkened the fortunes of the School affected the older boys, and diverted their attention from more profitable matters. Arnold afterwards spoke with some bitterness of his Rugby training. But at the same time he owed to Rugby several of the warmest friendships of his after life, and one friendship above all—that with his future brother-in-law, Mr. E. L. B. Allen—which was of the greatest importance to his happiness and development. Arnold was already high in the School when Edward Allen entered it. It was in 1869, "when I was emerging from the Middle School," says Mr. Allen, "that our real acquaintance began.

"He had not yet become really good at any of the games—except perhaps fives—(for that matter he was not then either big or strong enough to be so), and so was not what was technically called a 'swell,' which practically meant a football 'cap' or a member of the School Cricket Eleven—the only sure title to prestige (of the first rank) and (generally) popularity. . . . . He was mentally much more grown up than his compeers, I should say. He was no good at mathematics or science ('stinks'), but in all else seemed to me to have a knowledge, or a facility, that put him on a different plane from the rest. He was a very stimulating personality to me when I got to know him, as he had such a vivid interest in knowledge generally, and a lightning-like way of seeing the interesting points in things new to him. He *liked* work—it came as natural to him as flying to a bird. . . . . His mind seemed to me to make hawk-like pounces on new interests. Art—I mean pictures—was one of these, and a permanent

one. . . . . His love of poetry was already a strong growth; but the phase of it, that I was, as it were, present at the dawning of, was the spell which sensuous romance like that of the 'Earthly Paradise' had for him—and me. It went hand in hand, as it were, with an eager projection of one's soul into the possibilities of romance that our own lives might hold, and of course the Eternal Feminine figured largely in it. It was of our years, I suppose; for this was towards the end of our joint Rugby days. But the spell had also in it a sort of Forest of Arden charm; woods and streams came into it, which Willy always had a wonderful feeling for, in *themselves*, while mine was always complicated with fish and deer. We used to go long walks away down the Barley Road and others, and even the Rugby country had bits that ministered to the instinct for the 'good green wood.' . . . . He was an omnivorous reader, and I suspect that his vivid interest in all manner of things rather worked against his specialising in some department of classics which (later) would have paid better at the University. However, he was Head of the School, and I for one hardly conceived of a dizzier eminence."

Mr. Allen adds that Arnold was not, so far as could be seen, much influenced by religion during his school years, but he had "a strong sense of moral dignity, of the *καλὸν κάγαθον*, a term he taught me, and he had a sort of savage hatred of brutality. His friendship was for me very much the making of my school life, as also it has been *the* friendship of my life."

It is clear that when he reached Oxford, in October 1871, he was already a strong personality. From some of his early Oxford letters to Edward Allen, we may see how open was the youth of nineteen or twenty to the influence

of literature, or of the contemporary forces in art and verse—reading Spenser constantly, and scribbling Spenserian verse, absorbed in William Morris, influenced by his uncle, Matthew Arnold, delighting in pictures, curious about travel and foreign parts, living in his friends' lives and fortunes, and at the same time rich in personal enthusiasms,—for Nature above all, and Nature's reflection in great poetry.

"I get to love Art more and more," he wrote to Edward Allen, when he was but nineteen, "to make it more and more the great study and delight of my life, and I don't know that anything could give me so much pleasure as that you should be penetrated by the same feeling. . . ."

And a passage describing a Claude engraving, written nearly a year later, may be quoted as showing a command, already considerable, of easy and imaginative prose, together with a certain quick instinct for moral reality which lays its bracing touch upon him, even in the Temple of Art:

> "There is nothing I can see in Turner like the warm and dreamy imagination, the subtle and exquisite fancy, which I find in Claude. His pictures give the mind a sense of peace and rest; one becomes an old Greek, living in the fairest country in the world, and, from the dark shades of the tall trees that keep out the scorching afternoon sun, looking out dreamily over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, far away to where in the dim distance rise the white peaks of the opposite coast. A little inland rises the great temple of Aphrodite, gleaming with pure white marble, up whose gleaming steps pass quickly and gladly the lover and the beloved, she bearing perhaps in her bosom two white doves as an

offering to the goddess, or carrying on her head a basket filled with golden apples. He carries us to a pleasant land of all loveliness, 'a land where it is always afternoon,' but one has to shut one's eyes, and turn away one's face, and remember that man was not only made for such things as these. . . ."

Arnold's early letters indeed may be said to be divided between the twin passions for beauty and knowledge, and an abiding, sense of 'conduct,' in Matthew Arnold's sense. He tells his friend that he is writing an elaborate essay on "that most delightful of poets, Chaucer." Or he is attempting verse in the Elizabethan manner:

"Quick through the veil of trees I stepped and stood
On a green slope, thick-grassed outside the wood
Down sloping to the stream; most joyous was
This softest moss, twined with the greenest grass
Through which the bluebells peeped, and daisies small
And buttercups; . . ."

While, to the same date, almost, as these verses, belongs a letter of sympathy written to his friend Allen on the occasion of a sister's death, which breathes another note, equally true and representative:

"I really was *very* sorry to hear about your sister. You remember how we used to say that we didn't believe we should care the very least if somebody died whom we had never seen, however dear that person may have been to one dear to ourselves. But I found when the reality came that it had the effect of sobering and saddening me for several days. . . . I think such a death might be a lesson to us both. You will remember that latterly, in our talk at all events, we came very near believing the

idea of life, held by such men as Morris and his school, namely that life was a joyful thing, out of which it should be a man's great end and aim to get as much joy as possible for himself. This view of life is sternly confronted by the grim ugliness and joylessness of death. What can Morris give us when confronted with this?"

Friendship, humour, intellectual curiosity, the love of beauty, and moral seriousness,—marked by these main traits, Arnold's character rapidly unfolded. Edward Allen, in the year after William Arnold entered the University, went out to China as a Student Interpreter. It was a great wrench to Arnold. "To think that we shall not be able to see each other for six years! But we will not forget—though the experience of all men says that we must forget. That unheard of misery and baseness shall not be ours. What are six years? At first no doubt"—after Allen's return—"we shall be strange with one another, feeling back, as it were, to the old grooves, but not for long—not for long. Keep a good heart, old fellow. If we were only going together to that new world! Then I at least should not be sad but jubilant!" Nor do the friend's claims weaken with absence. The eager letters go regularly across the sea; Arnold forms a "Chinese Library" that he may the better follow Allen's fortunes; and when a new era dawns for himself, it is in Allen that he naturally confides.

It was in the summer of 1872 that Arnold first saw the lady who five years later became his wife, and brought him what he called in one of the letters of his later years "the supreme good fortune of my marriage." It was at Fox How, while he was staying on a summer holiday in the old family home, that he first saw Miss Henrietta Wale, a grandchild of Archbishop Whately, the intimate friend of Arnold of Rugby. Arnold's children and Whately's

children had been affectionate comrades in the second generation, and now, in the third, the old attraction flowered afresh. From the moment when Arnold first made acquaintance with his future wife, that feeling declared itself which was to be the romance of his youth, the joy of his manhood, and the best consolation and support of his last suffering years. But naturally relations counselled prudence. When he first fell in love Arnold was not twenty, and his Oxford career had only begun. A year's probation was imposed, and an engagement was not allowed till December 1873. The betrothal lasted three years and a half, and they were married in June 1877.

This new and overmastering affection greatly influenced his Oxford life. The records of it are contained first in a Journal, full of young romance and high inspiration, written during the latter part of 1872, then in a series of letters written to Miss Wale's mother during the year of probation, and finally in the love-letters which chronicle his most intimate thoughts and feelings during his long engagement. By the help of some of these, we are able to see how the serious wish to marry curbs a mind tempered to wander in too many paths, and leads the young lover to work for examinations, as he has never yet worked. Unfortunately lost time could not be wholly recovered. In pure scholarship he could not overtake men who had come up from school better prepared; and when Greats work began, the tendency to follow up subjects and studies not relevant to success in the schools, was still too strong, and he just missed his first. But he missed it through aiming at too much rather than too little, and the stores of miscellaneous reading which availed him scantly in the schools were of great service to his later career as a journalist. Meanwhile he went through recurrent periods of over-work and starved sleep which strained his health; and the disappointments

of his two second-classes were severe. Yet, as many of his letters show, he met these reverses, after the first shock was over, with a fresh and elastic courage, inspired no doubt by that intimate and abiding happiness which love had brought him; and he had no sooner passed through Greats than we find him plunged in teaching and lecturing, already remarkable in both, and on the way to that brilliant Arnold Essay, which was so soon to retrieve his position both in his own eyes and in those of others.

I have arranged the following poems, and extracts from letters, so as to give a few illustrations of his thoughts and pleasures during these Oxford years, especially of his delight in nature, in the Oxford river country, or in the Westmoreland mountains; while a few other letters will show his growing historical interests, and the passing of his boyish love of poetry into a scholarly knowledge of English Literature, or reveal to us the working of that moral discipline of life which was so gently and fortunately brought to bear on him by his engagement and early marriage.

This trio of poems for instance, while they show, poetically, no more than that facility and charm which many a clever youth commands, are yet very characteristic of the two main strains in him—moral earnestness, and a Spenserian love of beauty. The first sonnet was written in his twentieth, the other in his twenty-second year; and "The Garden of the Hesperides" was contributed to a private magazine called *The Miscellany*, edited by two daughters of Dr. Bradley, then Master of University and afterwards Dean of Westminster,—one of whom has since become the well-known novelist and poet, Mrs. H. G. Woods, the author of "A Village Tragedy," and "Esther Vanhomrigh." Arnold took a lively interest in *The Miscellany*, which ran a short but energetic course.

The Rossetti influence in the following is of course plain to see. The lines were suggested by the famous passage at the end of the 3rd Canto of the *Inferno*.

A Dream.

In light more clear than any earthly day
God was. The fashion of his form, by me
Unspeakable, with dreadful majesty
Enchained mine awestruck eyes: I could but pray
Silent. The just souls round about God lay
In intense prayer, and each in his degree
Rose towards Him by some power silently,
And they were God, and God himself was they.

Beneath all dark. With eager straining sight
Through the thin cold and unsubstantial air,
I saw those proved unworthy sinking light,
Like leaves slow scattering downwards from the bare
Tree-tops in winter—motionless despair—
Into the dim forgetfulness of night.

1872. W. T. A.

In the two other poems, the gaiety of the first, and the strong feeling of the second, show the natural development of the happy year following on his engagement.

The Garden of the Hesperides.

Near a noise of unseen fountains,
Far above the ancient mountains,
Stand the golden-fruited trees.
By them stand three white-robed maidens,
Sing in sweet and solemn cadence,
Sing the three Hesperides.

Thronging up, a wall of wonder,
Cradle of the rattling thunder,
There above the mountains meet.
Here the grass is cool in shadow,
Down below each field and meadow
Golden in the summer heat.

Far beyond, the great sea-spaces—
Silent in the noon's embraces,
  Wide they lie beneath the sun.
High aloft the white clouds hover,
Cast their purple shadows over;
  Slowly passing, one by one.

Heaven is kind; and earth and ocean,
Stilled for once their restless motion,
  Sleep beneath her silent wing.
He, who stands among the mountains,
There beside the plashing fountains,
  Only hears the maidens sing.

See his lips half part asunder!
See his eyes, their look of wonder!
  See him passing through the trees!
Louder now the sweet song rises.
Maidens! guard your golden prizes.
  See, he cometh! Heracles!

W. T. ARNOLD.

The Miscellany (Edited by E. M. B. and M. L. B.), April, 1874 (Vol. viii., No. 26.)

IN THE SWEAT OF THY BROW SHALT THOU EAT BREAD.

My spirit has fed full of idleness
  And through the empty chambers of the mind
  Goes wand'ring ill at ease, nor can it find
What may console or stay its loneliness.
  With ghostly, echoing feet follows behind
The phantom of Unrest. Sad thoughts oppress
An unseen band, but blightful none the less,
  The spirit sunder'd from its toiling kind.

Thus hopeless, sick at heart, it onward strays
Through many a dust-strewn chamber, till at last
To a window looking outwards it has passed;
And there the whole toilsome earth with one long gaze
Sees, and, borne downward on the trumpet-blast,
Hears God's oracular answer: "Work and Praise."

W. T. ARNOLD.

(*Spectator*, May 23, 1874.)

With regard to this latter poem, and also to the remark already quoted from his friend Edward Allen, as to the apparent absence of the religious motive during his Rugby years, perhaps a few words may be said here once for all as to his attitude towards religion and religious questions. He was naturally religious, and in a very real sense, naturally Christian, in spite of intellectual difficulty. "Notwithstanding his extreme reserve on deepest things," said one who knew him intimately, "an under-lying craving for religious help and certainty was a marked characteristic of him throughout his life." It found expression in a saying of his, near the end, to a younger friend and colleague, in the heyday of strength,—'I can't understand how one can go far in life without religion,'—and on the threshold of manhood, this natural tendency was much quickened by the experience which love brought him. His sympathy in his later years was increasingly with those who believed, and he was much drawn to and touched by the Christian life, wherever he came across it. Though affected by German criticism, he was quick to notice any of those tendencies in it which strengthened the traditional view, as when Professor Harnack endorsed, in the main, the traditional dates of the New Testament, or spoke of Christ as 'unique.' Arnold's early letters are full of religious expression, and though on him, as

on the generation to which he belonged, the historical and critical investigation of early Christianity acted with disturbing force, the innermost and abiding mind in him was a mind of faith. He longed for an assurance which often seemed denied him; but he never ceased to yearn for it, and at times he grasped it.

But let us return to Oxford,—and the struggle and disappointment of his second-class in Moderations, in the summer of 1873. The following lines were written in the July of that year, when he was still uncertain as to the result of his schools.

To E. L. B. Allen. Oxford, June 17, 1873.

I have quite made up my mind to getting a second (in Mods.). I have only been working for Mods. for the last six months, working hard, it is true, but then most men work for two years. I scarcely like to say how hard I worked for the last few weeks before Mods., somewhere between sixteen and twenty hours a day. I never had more than four hours sleep and generally not so much. The result will be out on one of the first days of July.

The dreaded failure overtook him, and after it he writes again—

I find it so much easier to work very hard for a short time than tolerably hard for a long time, and that's just what lost me my first in Mods. I wasn't exactly lazy but I would work at all sort of subjects except the ones I was told to work at. . . . One must understand that there are certain realities in life, and the man who refuses to face them and tries to ignore them must inevitably be smashed. They will be too strong for him. And the chief of these realities is work. I know how

terribly hard it is to get back the habit of work once lost, but it can be done, and once recovered the chain is worn lightly enough. . . . I have felt the truth of what I am saying so much myself that I can't help putting it down for your benefit.

More intimately and poignantly than in the letters to Edward Allen the bitter disappointment of his "Mods." second was expressed in the correspondence with Mrs. Wale, his future mother-in-law, which helped him through his year of probation. But it would be unprofitable to repeat these records of self-blame. Stormy natures are the richer for such checks and heart-searchings, and in the hope and ardour of his engagement Arnold found the spring of a new energy. Love-letters as such can rarely be quoted, but a few extracts will show the energy with which the young lover of twenty-one tried to lead his betrothed to share his own intellectual interests. He had the deepest and most chivalrous respect for women, and love itself would have been incomplete for him without intellectual sympathy. Miss Wale wishes to read, and to be guided; and this is how Arnold writes:

To H. M. L. W. Laleham, April 25, 1874.

The sum of what I think is shortly this. Mental work has two ends—to strengthen the character, to improve the mind. All honest work, however well-directed, will do the first, as for the second, each must judge for self. I can only say this. If you find that your work does not fill your mind, does not give you material for thought, doesn't seem to touch nearly upon your own experience and thoughts, and doesn't have the effect of making you look upon your life as a problem to be studied, and a history to be acted; doesn't in fact make you understand that there

is a problem; doesn't make you feel your fellowship with the rest of mankind, both of the living, and of the countless dead, whose blood is in your veins; then your work is not very greatly valuable to you. Perhaps you would be better employed in washing clothes or digging potatoes! The subject of all human learning is briefly this, the world and man. With these is, of course, intimately bound up the greatest of all knowledge, the knowledge of God. Suppose our study is man. What does this mean? A man is born, he lives, he dies. Where does he come from? Where does he go? What is his nature? What his powers? How does one man act upon another? . . . Busy yourself for a year or two in sharpening your mind, and trying its edge on all subjects. Get intellectual interests. Read all good books that come in your way with an omnivorous appetite. Don't try and be systematic just at present. Then after a while we may set forward together on the study of man. . . . . The grand fault of woman's education, it seems to me, is that they compose a great deal too much.

Here are some thoughts on "argument," which will illustrate his own character, and his impatience of hasty and immoderate statement.

Laleham, May 12, 1874.

. . . If you can't at once think of something to say to a plausible argument which you feel convinced is wrong, don't say something at once which you know to be an insufficient or inapplicable answer; but think over it, and if possible bring on the same subject again, with a better foundation of thought to go upon. No man ever reasoned rightly or well without taking trouble and thinking. When you hear a clever person saying what seem fine things, be sure that in nine cases out of ten those thoughts

do not, as seems to you, rise at once in his mind, and are then spoken—but are the result of previous meditation and argument with others, and again meditation. Clever talkers hardly ever come across a really new subject. Almost all conceivable subjects have been already thought over, and the conclusions formed are packed away in the pigeon-holes of the brain.

The following letter shows the growth of his historical temper. It is almost contemporary with the publication of Green's "Short History," by which the young Oxford of the moment had been deeply stirred. There are many references to the "Short History" in the letters.

Laleham, February 3, 1875.

. . . Till one gets not only to know but to *feel* that the men and women of whom one reads were not puppets with dates attached to them whom a hard fortune compels one to know about, but creatures of flesh and blood like ourselves, "of like passions as we are," and that under all circumstances and disguises human nature has been fundamentally the same; till we can throw ourselves into their place and surround ourselves with their circumstances and ask ourselves how we should have acted in their place—better or worse?—should we have been able to mould and direct their circumstances as some of them did, or should we have been moulded and constrained like them?—given the circumstances, could we have done better than Magna Charta?—what side should we have taken in the Civil War?—what should we have thought of Marlborough and Pitt?—till we can at least put these questions to ourselves as necessary to be answered, history won't teach either our heads or our hearts much. To put these questions means that you have what is called an "historical

sense." Remember it is your own people of whom you read, that all these wars and struggles and changes and reforms and developments have produced *you* and *me*, and put us where we are, and surrounded us with the society in which we live. If I ask myself *Why* am I writing here at Oxford in 1875?—Well, to answer that question all history and all science must unroll themselves before me.

Meanwhile time slipped on, and the ordeal of "Greats" arrived. Arnold had worked hard, but as has been already said, he had not been able to concentrate himself with sufficient strictness on the subjects of the Schools, and before defeat came, he was already aware of it:

Laleham, November 19, 1875.

Somehow I feel I shan't see my name in the Firsts when the list comes out. So you must make up your mind not to be disappointed. Besides that I am not really the equal of the best men up here who get firsts, I think I hardly do myself justice in an examination. I can't write with the necessary speed and precision.

It is curious that a man whose "speed" and "precision," as a journalist, were in later life amongst his most remarkable characteristics should have felt this difficulty at Oxford. Meanwhile he was learning and feeling much—outside of lecture-rooms. The Oxford country is well caught in the following letter to Edward Allen:—

Oxford, October 28, 1872.

. . . . The day was bright and softly sunny, one of those delicious autumn days, with all the sweet scents and sounds of autumn in the warm air, which seem almost better than midsummer. About five miles from Oxford,

we got to the top of a slight eminence, and there looking onwards, as far as the eye could see, we saw a great plain stretching away lazily on all sides before us, bounded in the far distance by low sweeping ranges of blue hills, and covered in the greater part by a perfect waste of noble woods. Every tree singly is a glory of rich colour; imagine then the sight when a whole forest is one mass of splendid tints, the rich golden-yellow of the oak, and deep blood-red of the beech, not allowing one to decide which of all was the most beautiful. And all this under a bright sunny sky flecked with innumerable patches of cloud, all hurrying along under the strongly-blowing west wind, with the fresh smell of recent rain still in the air, and the keen cool wind blowing pleasantly about one's heated temples. Truly there is something else in the year worth having besides those "high midsummer pomps" of which Matt Arnold so pleasantly speaks.

A reading-party at Howtown, on Lake Ulleswater, in August, 1874, with his friend and tutor, Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, gave occasion for the following record of a Westmoreland walk:—

To H. W. Howtown, August 24, 1874.

. . . . After a while we made our way back, and three miles' walking brought us to Insedale Beck, which I have described. It was a little sombre and melancholy. After a few minutes we went on, meaning to come down into the valley, on the *other* side of the fell, and so make our walk a complete circuit. We stepped out, and all of a sudden, as we came to the edge of the high ground, I saw the most wonderful, glorious sight that my eyes have ever beheld. We could see four large valleys at one view, divided by the hills. Right in front of us was the range

of Helvellyn, over which the clouds hung low and black and ominous—its top swathed in rushing mist. Helvellyn ran on into Fairfield, which was hardly less magnificent, and the valleys of it, brightened as some of them were by the perpendicular shafts of light, shot into them by the sun from behind the edge of a dark storm-cloud, were a relief to the eye after the sombre majesty of Helvellyn. Far to the eastward was the dark mass of Skiddaw; to the west was Illbell, that big fellow *we* saw from the other side, and the long range of High Street. Straight below, at what seemed an immense distance, was the Kirkstone Valley, with its green pastures and ruddy ploughed lands. There was no sound except the unceasing roar of the distant waterfalls, and a rushing sound in the air which one might easily take to be made by the sweep of the great mists we could see driving across Helvellyn. But it is all indescribable. Remember all the feeling of solemnity and awe, all the gloom and glory of the mountains which you have ever yourself felt, and try to throw it into my weak words.

Two more "notes" of Oxford landscape will perhaps be welcome to those who know the fields and streams beloved of "Thyrsis" and the "Scholar Gipsy."

Laleham, May 6, 1875.

. . . . Just before me lay the valley of the Thames. I could not see the river. But the dense woods and the wonderful fertility of the valley marked its course. Such a luxuriant wealth of variegated foliage! with here and there a vermilion roof peeping through, and the distant houses of ancient Wallingford viewed on my right and curling round behind me. The road ran straight on—a mere white ribbon through the great fields on either side,

green with the young wheat. A few miles on were the two knolls I was aiming at. Before long I was there. Oh, that heavenly little hill! It was all grass, quite golden with the buttercups, and falling on the east side into natural terraces with steep sides rising quickly from the plain. And on the very top such an exquisite little beech wood,—big forest trees, with no brushwood, only the soft mossy grass and the cowslips growing profusely round their grey roots. And the distant cuckoo, and the eerie noises of the great tree-trunks swaying in the wind, the only sounds. I got round to the east side, where I was sheltered from the wind, and could look and see. There lay old Father Thames, his blue windings glittering in the sun. To come suddenly upon that exquisite blue was such a delight to the eye. And there was Dorchester on the other side of the river, with its old red-tiled church, and to the north the Nuneham woods, concealing Oxford that lay beyond.

From the next we get a glimpse of one of the "Hare and Hounds" runs, by which he varied his book-work.

Oxford, November 6, 1876.

. . . . The day was fine, with cloud enough to accentuate the lights and darks, but not enough to make it in the least gloomy. Roberts and I set out at 3-15 from the station, took to the fields directly, and after a mile or so got over the palings into the sacred ground of Nuneham, through which place we ran for about four miles, now through wood, now over plough-land, and now along lawny park-land, startling the deer, and seeing often the rabbits rise just beneath our feet. I felt wonderfully fresh and fit, and ran with a strength and speed that surprised me. I led the other man throughout, without the least difficulty. It was delicious, speeding over that

elastic grass, with the fresh wholesome air filling one's lungs, and being given out not with the quick panting of distress, but with the strong regular beat that tells of wind and training. I never felt so young and so strong, and *so much in love!*

The following passage from a letter of '75, is a comment upon a visit to Mr. Coombe's famous collection of pictures, of which "The Light of the World" was for so long the chief treasure:—

To the same. Laleham, May 9, 1875.

. . . . I was pleased to find how greatly my knowledge and judgment in art matters had grown since I last saw these pictures, about two years ago. I was able to study them yesterday just as I should a poem, and take a much keener pleasure and delight in what was beautiful in them. Nothing is more delightful than to feel that one's nature has opened out in any such way as this, and that one has gained new capacities of happy and healthful pleasure. Do you remember our talking about this when we were last at Littleton, one bright wintry afternoon, as we were walking home by that Sunbury lane, watching the snow on the fields and noticing how intensely *brown* the trees looked, relieved against the snow and cold blue sky? On my way home from College lately I several times turned into the Taylor Gallery, and have been pleased to find myself taking a fresh and genuine pleasure in many of the Raphael sketches, above all, those of Michael Angelo, whereas it is not so very long since looking through them was little more than a duty task and rather a bore. Now I am beginning to find out the wonderful freshness and youthfulness and force there often is about these direct translations of the painter's struggling thought, before it

was bound down and perhaps enfeebled in the complete and laboriously-wrought picture.

To the same. Oxford, March 20, 1876.

I have been reading a good deal of Mazzini lately, and mean to read everything of his. He is the most inspiring and elevating of all teachers—perpetually insisting on Duty in contradistinction to Happiness, and with the tenderest feeling for his fellow-men.

The two following extracts show him happily at work as a lecturer to women students. Those were the days immediately preceding the foundation of the Oxford Colleges for Women, when the Higher Education of Women was still comparatively a new cry, and a general stir of lecturing was going on all over the country in which Arnold's brother-in-law, Humphry Ward, had for some years been taking much part, while Arnold was a new recruit in the cause: —

To Miss Wale. 5, King Edward Street, January 10, 1877.

. . . . I have been reading Shelley most of to-day. He is wonderful, wonderful! And to think that I hardly knew him! I read him through at school, as I believe I read *every* English poet, but was, of course, entirely unable to understand or appreciate him. I have nearly finished "Prometheus Unbound," which I am not sure that I should not call the most beautiful poem in the world.

To the same. Oxford, February 3, 1877.

I finished the big volume of Gray's Letters yesterday evening. I think that, though I say it that shouldn't, the next will be a good lecture. I have got a vast amount

of interesting material. I read through all those letters to supply myself with six short quotations. But then they will come in so happily that it would have been worth while to read half a dozen such volumes. I am going to do the same with Pope's letters. In this way I get all sorts of pointed little illustrations of their real ideas of poetry and nature. . . . . As my experience widens I feel more and more that a general style of lecturing is felt to be vague and leaves little impression, if it is not *lit up* in this sort of way.

Arnold took his degree early in 1876, and by the middle of 1877 he had already secured enough work as a "coach" and lecturer to make it prudent to marry. His wife was the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Wale, J.P., and granddaughter on her father's side of General Sir Charles Wale, K.C.B., a member of an old Cambridgeshire family settled at Little Shelford, near Cambridge. Her mother, as we have said, was Henrietta Whately, now the only surviving daughter of the famous Archbishop. The Liberal and Evangelical traditions of the family mingled very naturally with those of his own kindred.

The young couple settled in lodgings at Oxford, and Arnold had no lack of pupils. But new powers and ambitions were stirring in him. He was developing his historical knowledge and learning German; and when the subject of the Arnold Essay for 1878 was announced as "Roman Provincial Administration," the younger Arnold threw himself into the competition for the prize with a student's ardour, made all the keener by a very natural wish to prove himself worthy of his grandfather's name, and by the desire to retrieve what he looked upon as his failure in Greats. He won the prize (January, 1879), producing a book which has ever since kept its place

as the chief English authority on a great subject. I may recall here that when the Essay was first published in 1879, Mark Pattison, no mean judge, and one who measured his words, spoke with warm admiration of the "extent of reading" which it showed, and the "exactitude" with which it had been carried through; while a few years later, M. Waddington, Ambassador and archæologist, praised it as "a very good summary of a subject little known and little worked out in England." Arnold always intended to issue later an enlarged and corrected edition, including the manifold notes and additions he had gathered, as the harvest of continuous reading, into his interleaved copy. But with this, as with later projects, the scholar's fastidious search after perfection interfered. In the very last months of his life he recurred with eagerness to the hope of a second edition—"before I die." But it was not to be; and the re-issued book, enlarged by many of the notes he collected, owed its revision last year to a friend's care, himself now, alas, gathered to the dead.[1] But it is good to remember that a reference to it, twenty-five years after its publication, by a high Indian official, as throwing light on some of the problems of Indian frontier administration, was one of the pleasures of his last weeks on earth.

After this success it would seem natural that Arnold should have remained at Oxford, and become the "student and bookworm" he had foreseen as a boy. But other chances opened. In 1879 the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. C. P. Scott, came to Oxford in search of a new member for the staff of what is perhaps the most

1. The late Evelyn Shuckburgh, M.A. Mr. Shuckburgh died suddenly while the second edition of the Essay, to which he had given much time and generous care, was passing through the press.

important Liberal newspaper in England. Through Mr. Humphry Ward, Arnold's brother-in-law, the two were brought together. Mr. Scott was struck by the wide range of Arnold's interests, and attracted by his personality. He asked him to come to Manchester on trial. The young people went there first in the summer of 1879; the work proved congenial to Arnold, and by the autumn we find him fairly in harness, writing regular leaders and Art criticism, and throwing himself besides into that miscellaneous enrichment of the paper from all sources which made both his duty and his happiness through the years which followed. After settling in Manchester, the Arnolds lived till the autum of 1886 at 226, Plymouth Grove, and thenceforth at 75, Nelson Street—"a house," Arnold wrote to his mother, "nearer town, but in a much prettier street, with a really charming, old-fashioned garden, and all our friends who have seen it are most congratulatory of our luck." A Manchester friend writes:—"Arnold rejoiced in this old house,* at one time the home of John Owens, who founded Owens College, and a legible memorandum of an earlier social state; justly proportioned, solidly built of mellow red brick, snug rather than large, with a modest stable, capacious cellars, and a high-walled garden like a convent's, it recorded a time when the Manchester spinner or merchant no longer dwelt over his warehouse and had not yet taken a manor in Cheshire, but lived in quiet comfort, a mile or two from 'Change, riding in to business on his cob and shooting snipe at a few minutes' walk from his door."

Arnold's removal to Manchester, heartily as we rejoiced in it, was to myself a real personal loss. He and I, during our grown-up years, had seen too little of each

*Recently demolished. The original number of the house was 10.

other. We had been close companions as children; then, after our father's return to England, began long years of school for both of us; and our holidays were very seldom spent together. We were both bookish, confident, and argumentative!—and there was very little daily contact to make each acquainted with the sensitive points of the other. But he came up to Oxford in 1871, and I married and settled in Oxford during the following year, and from that time a new relation began. In a precious letter, written after his last illness had declared itself, he describes the effect upon him of his gradual realisation at Oxford of my affection for him; while for me this revived companionship and understanding were among the chief joys of an expanding life. After he went to Manchester, I watched his development with ever-increasing pride and delight. He counselled me in literary or historical work: he was the first to prophesy the success of *Robert Elsmere;* he wrote to me of his own schemes and plans; and we met as often as the busy life of both households permitted.

But if we missed him from Oxford, where our own lot was cast for ten years, it was soon clear how well fitted he was for that part in the life of a great manufacturing town to which he had been called. From the beginning he made Manchester interests his own. The vast machinery of Manchester trade and manufacture, its economic bearings, and its human implications; Manchester art and music; or the plays given at Manchester theatres; the neighbouring country, its moors and streams, and woods on which the mills encroached year by year; Lancashire dialect and Lancashire poets; Lancashire birds and flowers; the growth of Owens College, the development of an Art Gallery, the preservation of local traditions; to all these matters, great and small, he gave

his eager mind, almost from the first. At different times he refused two offers of posts in London and Oxford, that must have tempted one to whom access to the British Museum or the Bodleian would have meant so much. He was influenced by attachment to journalism and his paper, but also by his wife's and his own love for "T' Owd Smoky"—a local expression which he often liked to use, analogous to the "Auld Reekie" of northern fame.

As one turns over the voluminous collection of what he wrote in the early years of his work on the *Guardian*, one sees that before he was entrusted with a share in the chief leaders of the papers—those on the current political topics of greatest importance,—he made his mark, first by the growth of that extraordinary command over foreign languages and the foreign press, of which Mr. Montague will have much to say later on; and, secondly, by the keen intelligence he brought to bear on local topics. In his very first year, we find him familiar with French, German, Italian and Spanish newspapers and reviews; not overburdened by them; but making shrewd, popular, effective use of them as sources of information; while his wide range of outside knowledge made his handling of local affairs all the more vivacious. Meanwhile he steadily informed himself on the main political questions. Those were indeed stirring years. The Liberal Ministry of 1880 came into power immediately after Arnold's migration to Manchester. Ireland and the Land League, Mr. Forster's Administration, the Phœnix Park murders, "Parnellism and Crime," the Land Act, and the Home Rule Bill, the great disruption of 1886, and the inauguration of the long Tory Rule—Majuba, Arabi, Gordon,—these are the names and memories, which for us of middle life, leap like flame-points on the dark as we look back on these years. In all that they stand for, Arnold's quick thought and passionate

sympathies were concerned. In 1880, the *Guardian* sent him to Ireland to report on Irish distress. He went through some of the worst and most disturbed districts, and when, later in the year, Arnold's uncle by marriage, Mr. Forster, took office as Chief Secretary for Ireland, Arnold studied the course of Irish affairs with a peculiar and painful interest. But, like many other Liberals, he could not ultimately follow Mr. Forster; Mr. Gladstone captured him; and he became and remained a Home Ruler. The daily political articles of twenty years ago hardly bear quoting, but I may repeat here perhaps the words of emotion in which the young journalist and scholar described for his paper the never to be forgotten scene of Lord Frederick Cavendish's funeral, in the green churchyard of Edensor:—

"May, 1882.

"Some of the familiar words (in the Burial Service) came with a new meaning, and a deeper hush fell upon the crowd, as the voice rose full and clear: 'In the midst of life we are in death.' The chief mourners were grouped as before round the open grave, the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Frederick Cavendish on the north side, opposite them the Marquis of Hartington, behind, the clergyman, Lord Edward Cavendish, and Mr. Gladstone. The sun was shining at the time, with the mellow radiance of a soft spring day, and the Premier held his hat in his right hand to shade his eyes against its rays. As the crowd was on his right, this unconscious manœuvre partially concealed the workings of his face, from the thousands of eyes that were intently watching him. But as the service ended, and Mr. Gladstone stepped for a moment to the edge of the grave, the hands were held down, and the look of sad resignation on the face will live in many a memory. Perhaps the more eyes were directed to the Premier, as it

was not possible for the stoutest heart to look at the nearest relatives of the dead man without something of a feeling of intrusion upon sacred grief. As the Duke of Devonshire led Lady Frederick Cavendish away, the other mourners followed, and the crowd surged in towards the grave. Almost everyone present had a glimpse, if only for a moment, of the coffin, or at all events of its black velvet pall, covered inches deep with white roses and other flowers, and thus saw the last that any man will see this side of the grave of the loyal friend and gallant gentleman, and zealous well-doer, who was in all the vigour of life and health but five short days ago. And as those who had seen this sight, and who knew something of the honour and simple nobleness of the man who lay there, turned away from his open grave, some such epitaph rose in the minds of many as came to the lips of the Roman historian in commemorating the virtues of Rome's most spotless son: *Qui nunquam recte fecit ut facere videretur, sed quia aliter facere non poterat.*"

With every year that passed the paper naturally gave him more important work to do. He was soon its most powerful and trusted contributor; he threw his young strength ungrudingly into its service, thinking no effort too great for the upholding of its reputation and efficiency. At the same time he maintained from the beginning the literary and historical interests of his own personal life which he had brought with him from Oxford. Some time in 1881, he agreed to write for Mr. Murray one of the series of "Students' Manuals," then appearing under the editorship of Dr. William Smith. My brother's Manual was to deal with the history of the early Empire, from Actium to Marcus Aurelius, and with all the eagerness of his youth he entered on a project which, passing through various transformations, in the end filled all the

leisure hours of fifteen years, and was still only begun, so far as final execution was concerned, when the illness which killed him overtook him. "I am working away at my history," he writes to his brother Theodore on September 25th, 1881, "perhaps they have told you that Murray has asked me to do a 'Students' Roman Empire.' I suppose it will be out in three or four years." But—in the language of a friend, who was also a close observer of his life—"his full scholarship burst the narrow vessel; handbooks, to be done at all, must be what an expert feels to be rough-and-ready; Arnold tried vainly to pack into a handbook his gatherings from inscriptions and other early sources, from German monographs and specialist reviews. The handbook was abandoned, and from that time his purpose was to write an exhaustive history of the early Empire, for which the whole of the original evidence and all that has been written on it should be passed through the sieve of a serious scholarship. For the rest of his life he worked at Roman history, penetrating pretty soon to the austerer region where all the companionship is that of a few specialists. As he went on, indeed, the specialist's habit deepened; he concentrated on a briefer period, and the call to first-hand work on the foundations of the evidence grew more imperious."

Almost at the same moment, however, when he began what was to be the historical work of his life, another and kindred idea occurred to him, suggested partly by his work and partly by family affection. For many English minds, writes the friend I have already quoted, it was the work of his grandfather, "the elder Thomas Arnold, which had first raised Roman history from the dead. It had for some time been William Arnold's wish to fortify that rousing fragment against

supersession; if he could, to complete it; at any rate to save its place in the esteem of scholars by bringing it abreast with later knowledge." In the autumn of 1881, I find a letter from him to me, which mentions this idea, as well as other interests of the time:—

"I have suggested to Aunt Forster,"[1] he writes to me, "a one-volume edition of the grandfather's history, and have offered to write an introduction. . . . Apparently the copyright expires in a year or two, and, as Uncle Matt says, it will be necessary to be ready then. I want to point out what the Germans think of the book, and what line research has taken since. . . .

". . . The history moves, that is the reading does. For I shan't put pen to paper for three years. *Entre nous*, I have come to the conclusion that we in England know absolutely nothing of the history of the Empire. It has to be largely reconstructed from epigraphic sources, and of these hardly anything is known in this country. You know my opinion of Merivale, and will therefore understand the satisfaction with which I read the other day in a first-rate German book: "Die Bücher von Duruy und Merivale sind Compilationen mittelmässiger Güte." And yet most people take Merivale seriously as a sort of Gibbon! . . . I am rather perturbed about what you say as to ——'s thinking I should have got better terms,"—*i.e.*, from the publishers who were to bring out the Roman History volume—"But, then, you see, in the first place, I was only too glad of the opportunity of producing a book on the subject on any terms. I would, in fact, have done it for nothing. All the reading goes for the real subject of my heart—the history of the world under Rome. The interleaved

1. Mrs. W. E. Forster, Dr. Arnold's eldest daughter, and at this date his literary representative.

edition of my book (the Arnold Essay) is already crammed with additions and corrections, and I look forward to a second edition some day.

"I see I am getting egotistical. So by way of revenge you must tell me how *your* book is getting on. I can give you some good authorities on Roman Spain if you want them. Don't attempt too much journalism. It is already difficult enough for the mother of a family, and mistress of a house, to do serious work as well, without further tying yourself when you are not obliged. You are in the at once happy and unhappy position of having put the German standard before yourself in these matters, and you know what that means. . . .

"I read your Spain and Africa article (in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then under Mr. Morley's editorship). It was translated in the *Débats*. My impression is that Spain would fight for Morocco. I am at bottom somewhat heterodox about the African question, though I keep it dark! I suppose much Roman Empire reading is calculated to make one grudge the loss of the northern coast to Europe. I only regret France's *way* of doing the job, and allow that it was not worth her while to quarrel with Italy for Tunis. It will be lucky if all Europe is not by the ears about Africa in the next generation."

His scheme, however, for a new edition of the complete "History of Rome," was ultimately modified into a new edition of those chapters in the "History" concerned with the Second Punic War; and this book appeared in 1886, winning the warm praise of experts, classical and geographical—such as Mr. Douglas Freshfield—for the care and learning which had been lavished on the notes, so as to include—or indicate—all the additions made to knowledge since the original publication, on matters like

the battles of the Trebia and Lake Trasimene, Hannibal's passage of the Alps, and the geographical capacity of Polybius.

Besides this task, and the continuous work on the bigger scheme, from 1886 to 1895, he contributed to the "English Historical Review" several long notices of books on ancient history. Among these the minute criticism of Mommsen's volume on "The Provinces, from Cæsar to Diocletian," in 1886, (E. H. R., Vol. i., p. 350), and the study of Professor Ramsay's "Church in the Roman Empire," and Dr. E. G. Hardy's "Christianity and the Roman Empire," in 1895 (Vol. x., p. 456) are perhaps the most noteworthy.[1]

But in the new passion for Roman history the old passion for English poetry was not forgotten. Before he left Oxford, he had already edited the first book of "Hyperion" for the Clarendon Press, and this was followed in 1884 by an edition, in one volume, of "The Poetical Works of John Keats," with an Introduction, dealing mainly with the sources of the Keatsian diction, to which Arnold gave untiring work. In this charming book he reprinted the Keats volumes of 1817, 1818, and 1820, *i.e.*, all the poems published by Keats himself in his lifetime, together with a selection from the posthumous poems. The volume, though beautifully printed and arranged, was not a financial success, and probably suffered from the fact that Mr. Buxton Forman's exhaustive four-volume edition had appeared only a few

1. Arnold's other contributions to the "English Historical Review" include reviews of J. P. Mahaffy's "Greek World under Roman Sway, from Polybius to Plutarch," in 1892 (vol. vii., p. 124); the second volume of Henry Furneaux' edition of the "Annals" of Tacitus, in 1893 (vol. viii., p. 538); W. Warde Fowler's "Julius Cæsar and the Foundation of the Roman Imperial System," on p. 746 of the same volume, and H. F. Tozer's "Selections from Strabo," in 1895 (vol. x., p. 116).

months before it.[1] At the same time, the book remains for the lover of Keats one of the most convenient and stimulating of editions. Mr. Sidney Colvin says of it, in the Preface to his own study of Keats: "The Introduction to this edition contains the only attempt with which I am acquainted at an analysis of the formal elements of Keats's style." Arnold's old friend and tutor, Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, the well-known author of the *Logic,* and translator of Lotze and Hegel, wrote to him: "I always said the function of the critic was *imprimis* to tell one something true, and build up doubtful theories afterwards if he pleased. Now I am much the wiser for your Introduction; and as a rule I spend much bad language on literary criticism, and come out of it with a soured temper. All that about Keats' knowledge of country is most jolly, and is an excursion into the higher range of criticism." Matthew Arnold writes a few words of characteristic reservation and characteristic praise, very grateful—these last!—to the young nephew who both loved the author of "Thyrsis" as a kinsman, and passionately admired him as a writer. "I have looked through the Preface—very good! One can hardly speak with too much delight of him; but how few pages suffice to contain all of his work which truly gives this delight! I never turn over the leaves without discontent at finding how much space is taken by *Endymion.*" And Mr. F. T. Palgrave writes to Matthew Arnold that he has found in the book "a great knowledge of our early writers," which he thinks the editor might use "to great advantage if he turned his mind to editing any of the neglected Elizabethans." Thus encouraged and welcomed

1. My brother's edition was, in fact, completed long before the publication of Mr. Buxton Forman's book. But its appearance was delayed by the accidental destruction of the whole first MS. of the Introduction and Notes by a fire on the publisher's premises.

by a few of the discerning, the book went on its way. Arnold remained to the end of his life a votary of the qualities he most admired in Keats—simplicity, natural magic, the power of the right word, together with the "sweet and easy slipping movement," common to both Keats and to Spenser, the love of his boyhood.

So much for the details of these early years of manhood. If I look back upon the impression he made upon his family and friends during this time, I see him standing before the fire in the drawing-room of the pleasant house in Nelson Street,—alert and vigorous, his broad shoulders somewhat overweighted by the strong, intellectual head, his dark eyes, full of fun and affection, beaming on the guest who had just arrived, perhaps, from the south,—delighting in the family gossip which brought his family information up to date, or listening with quick sympathy to literary plans and projects. When it came to his turn, he would talk eagerly, in his crisp, humorous, broken way, of his own current interests, of men and books, or of some new development in the *Guardian* which promised to bring it more closely into touch with local needs, or abreast of modern knowledge. You felt his ambitions for the paper; you realised also the shrewd and practical form into which he threw them. After dinner, one said good-bye to him; he went off to the *Guardian* office, and did not re-appear till the small hours. But next morning one would find him in his study, smoking happily over the latest German volume on his history of the Empire, one dog on his knees and another at his feet, the walls round him filled with the rapidly accumulating and well-read books, which were at once the landmarks and the instruments of his life. In these morning hours he was the scholar; the journalist was laid aside. No use then to hurry him!—to ask when the book he had promised Dr. Smith was to come

out. His brown eyes, in which a good-humoured laugh seemed to be always latent, simply—on this point—evaded you. What was the good of publication—of finishing—of anything but digging ever deeper into the roots of things,—penetrating fresh subtleties of the Roman mind and administration, "unseen by the Germans yet?" His morning mood was not his evening mood. The more rapid was the journalist, the more leisurely was the scholar. The two sides of his life completed and balanced each other; at least so far as the quality of his work was concerned. His journalism profited by his research, and *vice versa*. But undoubtedly the very stress under which his newspaper work had to be done, strengthened the fastidious temper of the *savant*. In his historical work he felt himself free to linger; and the lingering grew upon him, till his illness overtook him, with the *magnum opus* of his life, from which the fragments published since his death are taken, only begun.

In these days and nights of perpetual brain-work, however, there were many fresh-air interludes. Every fine Saturday Arnold and his wife would take train out of Manchester,—to some point where moors and woods began, whence a bit of Roman road, perhaps, was to be reached, or an "edge" climbed, or a water-shed explored. Of the wide knowledge of country thus gained, evidence will be found later on. And to this local knowledge and love of northern England, he was soon to add the knowledge and love of many places abroad. Mrs. Arnold's family had an old affection for the Lake of Geneva, and with Glion and Clarens, with the Rochers de Naye, and Jaman "delicately tall," Arnold became familiar in the years of his engagement, and those immediately following his marriage. But soon more ambitious flights became possible. He saw Venice for the first time in 1887, again in 1888, and Rome in 1889.

And always and everywhere, he beheld new country or new cities with the same keen eyes and the same unspoilt delight he had brought them as a youth. The historical sense and the geographical eye went with him as they had gone with his grandfather, Arnold of Rugby, on a similar quest.

Certainly, as one looks at these ten years of his early manhood, one can but feel that they were years of great happiness and rich activity. Politically the cause of Ireland lay nearest his heart. To that, as we have seen, his chief work on the *Guardian* was devoted. Through all the great moments of the long battle—the Gladstonian Land Act, the struggle with the Land League and the Irish members, the Home Rule fight, Mr. Balfour's administration, and the Parnell Commission—he was the main spokesman of the paper. He fought hard and long, with fairness, consistency, and courage. Mr. Balfour's political personality was clearly uncongenial to him, but for Lord Hartington, and even for Mr. Chamberlain, heartily as he disagreed with them both, he has many a generous and even admiring word. For Mr. Gladstone—except through the "Egyptian Muddle," which as he says "almost made me a Tory"—his admiration was deep and steady; and after the defeat of 1886, a new note, intimate and "touched with emotion" enters into the political support he gave the beaten minister. Next to Imperial politics came the claims of Manchester. For the first ten years of his connection with the *Guardian* he reported every Art Exhibition that was held in Manchester, and took a special and patriotic interest in the doings of Manchester artists. One of these artists gives an account, in an interesting sketch now lying before me, of the foundation of the Brasenose Club, which was meant to provide a meeting place for young writers, painters, and musicians. "Mr. Arnold," he

says, "joined the club soon after his arrival in Manchester, and at once became a leader in the artistic circle, and by personal intercourse made himself acquainted with the aims and capacities of the individual members." The writer goes on to record his obligation and gratitude for the increased recognition which the local art began at once to obtain in the columns of the *Guardian*. The appreciation and earnestness of the *Guardian* notices, the pains taken, and the knowledge shown, were "new to the public," and "commanded the respect of the artists."

"It is impossible to judge how much of the great revival of interest in the art of painting which took place in Manchester during the eighties was due to Mr. Arnold"; but "it is certain that his influence was very great. While he was with us the Corporation accepted the gift of the Art Galleries to the City. The School of Art was built, and many changes and important affairs took place. He took an active part in all." Thus was his boyish passion for art deepened, justified and made effective, through his work as a journalist. It was the same with the theatre, and a short collection of reprinted articles on "The Manchester Stage," issued in 1898, written by W. T. Arnold, C. E. Montague, Oliver Elton and A. N. Monkhouse, show with what conscience and eagerness the young writers on the *Guardian* tried to support the claims of good work and competent acting, always with an eye to wide horizons and general ideas. For music, though Arnold was not musical, there was the same general sympathy, the same warm support. All that made for beauty and the higher joys, for those ideal ends that shine above "the tumult of our war," touched him now as they had touched his youth, only with a deeper power. He had passed like Keats out of "the Chamber of Maiden Thought" into those chambers of experience, where "axioms are proved upon our pulses"; but beauty and poetry were

still with him, still the lights upon his way, as he did his daily work in the dark Manchester streets.

Of things more intimate there can be but little to say. His married life was exceptionally happy, based upon a sympathy of ideas and aims unusually complete. His younger brother, F. S. Arnold, settled as a doctor in Manchester, not very long after his own migration, and the bond between them, which had been very close in boyhood, became closer still. His father, who became a Fellow of the Royal Irish University in 1880, would often pause at Manchester on his journeys between Dublin and Oxford, and in spite of their differing religious or political beliefs—Thomas Arnold had re-entered the Church of Rome in 1876—father and son were both of those spirits whom the world cannot tame, and so were linked through all division, whether of occupation or opinion. The spiritual face of the father, his gentle, hesitating ways, were in sharp outward contrast with the rugged, intellectual strength of the son; yet no doubt Arnold owed some of his most characteristic qualities to his father. His mother died in 1888, after many years of suffering. He was with her just before the end, and he realised with her other children the pathos of her death after a life of many rebuffs and bitter disappointments, just as the lives of those whom she had borne—in every detail of which she had taken a passionate interest—were gaining new joys and powers which might have been shared with her. Arnold's own house was childless; nevertheless a growing boy or girl was always to be found in it. Some nephews or nieces, whose parents lived abroad, shared the Nelson Street home in due succession, and went to school in Manchester. In the details of their school-work, games, and general developement, their uncle took a keen interest, and was repaid by their loyal affection. And outside the claims of family, there were other claims to which Arnold never failed to

respond, claims of misfortune, of poverty, of the stranger within our gates. The house was seldom without guests. In December, 1881, he writes to an old schoolfellow:—

"We had a lively time all the summer,—three months' sunshine—fancy that in Manchester!—a great picture exhibition, the British Association, etc. We had a constant stream of visitors, including a Frenchman of thirty-five, a very nice fellow, a brilliant French lady of fifty, a French boy of eighteen,—awful good sort, and great fun—and two Russian professors, who stayed a week, and, according to the veracious Elizabeth," (their faithful parlourmaid), "did not wash *once* all that time, besides smoking all day in their bedrooms."

Of many of the things he did, he would not have liked me to speak. They were the "little nameless unremembered acts" which sweeten life. But one charity was patent to all the world. The stray or starving four-footed creatures that found shelter in Nelson Street could not be hid. Any benighted stray that appealed to him as he walked home between midnight and 2 a.m. was offered food and lodging. On March 9th, 1886, he reports to Mrs. Arnold, on one of her brief absences from home:—

"Last night, coming up the Grove, about midnight, I saw a strange beast loafing about,—called 'Benson,' and was rewarded by a frantic *courbature*, and jumping around, which must nearly have dislocated the animal's spine. Took him home and gave him biscuits, then water, of which he drank *pints*. The poodles smelt him, and remonstrated loudly from the kitchen. Took him up to my room with the idea of giving him a bit of my bed, but he was so awkward and nervous, and made such a row that I had reluctantly to turn him out again. He seemed fat and in good case, and only shut out of his own home by accident."

On country walks he would watch for the first frenzy with which a town dog resumes possession of the open earth. "There was lots of snow about," he writes to Mrs. Arnold on April 1st, 1883, "and Kinder was really beautiful. We walked back across the mountain. Lovely day and most enjoyable. The only drawback was that Bendy" (a bull-terrier) "would *not* go mad; for that apparently your presence is necessary."

And Arnold's hatred of vivisection was the public expression of this aspect of his home life. He held that vivisection was immoral, and that what ethics forbade science could not legalise; and, although he knew well that men as humane as himself were in the opposite camp, his own view never wavered. The following letter written to a near relation gives full expression to it. It is dated May 29th, 1890:—

"You sympathise with the crusade against 'cruelty in vivisection,' and joyful I was to read the words, for I had imagined that the difference between us went down to the roots. But the very point of my letter was that vivisection necessarily implies cruelty, that English vivisection is, to a large extent, cruel vivisection. . . . You see in my mind 'a certain callousness to *human* suffering.' That is a charge which it is clearly not for me to answer. But I can assure you that if it is just, the fault is my natural depravity, and not at all in my championship of the beasts. I am sure I am less callous than I should be if I did not trouble myself about them. And then surely the remark has no value if it is merely personal to myself. My own experience has been that the people who care for humans most, and whose sympathy is warmest and surest, are those who care for the beasts. The Committee of the Anti-

Vivisection and the Prevention of Cruelty Society here include the names of the hardest philanthropical workers in the place. There is, in fact, no falser view of human nature than to assume that sympathy is in the nature of a limited reservoir, and that to give so much to the animals is to take so much from the humans. On the contrary, the more sympathy is exercised, the more of it there is to exercise."

On this subject, indeed, his feeling was so strong that he would speak of it only seldom and briefly, even to close friends. He evidently found a difficulty in discussing it offhand without losing the balance that he always strove to maintain between strength of feeling and restraint in statement. For the qualities which he most often mentioned with admiration were, besides courage, the Aristotelian "moderation" and "excellent seriousness." His own practice in this respect is seen in the precepts of an intimate letter written by him on December 27th, 1895:—

"I have been contradictious and disagreeable these last few days. It is the pedagogue in me which needs subduing. But also you do state views too rashly and absolutely. It isn't the fashion of our time to do so. However dogmatic and pig-headed *au fond*, almost all educated people are tentative and deprecatory and suggestive rather than affirmative on the surface. So that your sweeping, affirmative manner surprises and startles a little. I don't attach excessive importance to all that. But what is more important is that you do not give the impression of having considered the other side, or of having realised that there is another side. Even the vivisector has his point of view, from which he contrives some sort of moral justification of

himself in his own mind, and if one is to influence uncommitted people one must consent to understand such points of view, *quitte,* of course, to repudiate and contest them afterwards. Truth is a delicate, elusive thing, and heat and dogmatism are poor helps to get it."

In 1890, Mr. C. E. Montague joined the *Guardian.* He was thenceforward so intimately linked with my brother in work and friendship, that the story of the next six years belongs to him. To him also the detailed account of my brother's methods as a journalist; in which he will speak with a knowledge and vividness no member of Arnold's family could possibly rival. Before he takes up the pen, however, I may perhaps conclude this sketch of the early Manchester years by a few quotations from later letters to me, written before 1898, and one to Miss Arnold of Fox How, which may be of interest to those who have followed the preceding pages with sympathy.

The following passage was occasioned by my story of "Bessie Costrell," which I sent to him in February, 1895:—

". . . I have read your story with that painful and yet salutary stir of mind which the deeper things of literature evoke,—and the last pages with an uncomfortable constriction of the throat. It is no doubt one of the best things you have done,—all the figures very definite and living, and the kind of opium-dream *before* detection, and futilities of a trapped animal *after* it, almost painfully true. How curiously hard literature is on these butterfly existences, which by a kind of ignorance more than choice of evil, beat themselves against the walls of circumstance, and under happier conditions would have been blameless enough. How

hard Shakespeare is on the immoderation and passionate egoism of Romeo and Juliet!—though there is nothing worse one can say of them."

In the spring of 1896, just before his breakdown in health, he writes: "I have been much preoccupied of late with questions of style and architectonics, and have come to see that merely to write an accurate modern book on the Roman Empire isn't worth while. What I have to do, if possible, is to write a book with lots of air and ideas in it, and a style! Hitherto I have divided my work into separate parts,—journalism, which has to be readable, and historical *Wissenschaft*, in which I have not troubled myself about readableness at all. Now, that won't do, and if I can summon up the requisite energy I look forward to recasting considerably what I have done, and making a much more resolute bid for *interest*. Meanwhile I am reading widely, and trying to fathom how 'the other fellows' do it."

Pathetic aspiration!—written just as life was breaking beneath his feet. The earlier sentences of the letter speak of "rheumatism,"—the first attack in truth of the illness which killed him.

In the autumn of 1897, he wrote *à propos* of a small address of mine:—

"I think you took the right point about Socialism. If the world of occupation is to be divided into two circles, covering between them the whole ground—thus:

Collectivism	Individual Enterprise

it does not much matter whether the former gain here and there from the latter when reason and experience

justify it. As long as there is the *alternative* circle, the socialistic tyranny will be impossible. What is to be resisted to the death is any *a priori* attempt to make the first circle cover all the ground."

A remark which may be conveniently compared here with another passage in a letter written to a friend several years later:—

"One of the general conclusions that has emerged from my reading of all these Germans is that German economists have ceased, or are ceasing, to take Socialism seriously. They regard it as played out. Its logical basis was Marxism, and Marxism has been exploded—a Socialist named Bernstein, oddly enough, contributing largely to the work. Of course there are facts like the large Socialistic poll in Germany on the other side. Still, the German economists regard the movement as stricken with death, and no longer of the first importance." [1]

The long letter which follows, the last I shall quote of those written before his illness, was written in April, 1896, to Miss Arnold, of Fox How, Dr. Arnold's youngest surviving daughter. Readers of Stanley's *Life* of Arnold, will remember the statement that in 1820, Thomas Arnold, then twenty-five, "married Mary, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, Rector of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire." This "Mary Penrose," Matthew Arnold's mother, was the gracious grandmother to whom, as we have seen, William Arnold, as child and boy, had cherished a peculiar attachment. He had always felt a special interest in the Penrose records, and in the story of his grandfather's marriage. Certain charming verses written by Arnold of Rugby during his engagement to Mary Penrose remain; and there are some contemporary pictures of the life of the small Fledborough parsonage

1. With this letter, written about 1900, the recent German elections (January, 1907), with their heavy Socialist losses, make an interesting comparison.

as it was about 1810, with its mingling of plain—the plainest—living, and high cultivation, its gentle studious father, and its bevy of girls, one ironing, one sewing, while another read aloud "The Lady of the Lake" or "Marmion" just fresh from the press. William Arnold had long wished to make a pilgrimage to Fledborough, and in the spring weather of 1896 he set out there:—

"We took the train to Retford on the Great Northern, and then rode the seven miles southwards along the Great Road to Tuxford. On the way we passed the villages of Gainston and Markham (suggestive of 'Mrs. Markham'),[1] and after lunching at Tuxford, interesting as the place where anyone bound for Fledborough in the old days must have left the great coach road to plunge into the wilds, we set out due east. Four miles or so of a very lonely country road, or rather lane, with endless masses of primroses in the hedge banks, brought us to a three-lane-ends, and on one arm of the decrepid signpost was 'To Fledborough only.' The road was bad, so we took to the path, and after another mile saw the low steeple of Fledborough, dismounted at the gate, and walked up the drive (as you know, church and rectory are all in one place, so to speak), which was lined with splendid wallflowers in full blow and fragrance, looked into the open church for a few minutes, and then to the rectory door and sent in your letter. Presently the maid told us to come in, and Mr. Kershaw made his appearance and very kindly welcomed us—a fresh-coloured, pleasant man and a gentleman. He is a widower, and there is only one child at home—a Repton schoolboy. He was just finishing some letters for the post, so we begged him to go on, while we went out to the Holm

1. "Mrs. Markham" was Mrs. Charles Penrose.

and down to the Trent. It was very pleasant and sunshiny and restful, and the broad Trent, with two fishing smacks moored hard by, quite imposing. You may imagine one thought of the young lovers of three-quarters of a century ago, and all the pleasant walks they must have had there! But as one looked southwards there was a mighty change. The new East and West railway, starting from Chesterfield, to a point on the Lincolnshire coast, goes right through Fledborough, and we had been following its course all the way from Tuxford. It is being carried over the Trent meadows by a great viaduct of many arches as yet unfinished, and as one looks from the drawing-room windows of the Rectory these great arches—by no means ugly, happily—are the conspicuous object in the distance, perhaps a mile away. There will be a railway bridge, of course, across the Trent, and a Fledborough station, so that "Fledborough only" will be a thing of the past. By the way, Mr. Kershaw told us that the original form of the signpost was still better—"Fledborough and no further" and that it was his predecessor, Mr. Neville, who had put up the "Fledborough only" some thirty years ago. He showed us all over the house, and carefully explained all the changes which had been made by himself and the Nevilles, so that we could realise the original home fairly well. Then we did the church thoroughly under his guidance, including, of course, your tiled floor, with the marble slab and inscription in the middle, and the plain stone inscribed John Penrose, and the little brass to him, and—perhaps most interesting of all—the register with the marriage in it, and the signatures of Thomas Arnold and Mary Penrose. Then there was the vine which your grandfather was pruning on the last day of his life, and in

the garden the wild yellow tulip of which Aunt Lydia speaks (tulipa silvestris). It does not apparently grow on the Holm any more, but has found a refuge in the rectory garden, and is regarded by Mr. Kershaw as quite indigenous. We begged a bulb, as we thought you might like it for the Fox How garden, and Frank, who carried it off, will be sending it you. Then Mr. Kershaw gave us tea, and we parted great friends, after a most successful little visit, which had not one unpleasant touch in it, as these attempts to give form and substance to a mind-picture, formed from reading and listening, so often have. Mr. Kershaw is full of respect and regard for the old memories, and the whole place is just as it was,—

'A nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold.'"

CHAPTER II.

MIDDLE LIFE

By C. E. MONTAGUE

CHAPTER II.

Middle Life.

Of Arnold's last years in Manchester one may attempt a sketch, but not a record, so few were their changes or events; and this by his own choice: a journalist, he took anonymity seriously, was not seen on platforms, seldom entered a club, never spoke at a public dinner; when he left the city, few of those who had read him for seventeen years can have heard of his name. He kept it unknown with a kind of zest; bearing himself to his paper as a Jesuit to the order, he relished the reach it gave his powers and relished the self-obliteration in their use—not from any sentimentalism of self-sacrifice, nor from insensibility to the pleasure of distinction, but for reasons that he gave. There is no limit, someone has said, to what a man can do who does not care who gains the credit for it. Arnold, who liked the saying, thought that for a man who wished to get things done there was no work like journalism, Imagine, he would say, what politics might be if the man who is in love with great ends had not to be always seeing to it that he is not overlooked—if he could give up his chance of a name for the chance of making, unknown, a deeper dint on the life of his time.

Not that Arnold thought that in the press any force worth using was to be had easily. No one was surer that a man had better sweep streets well than write with nothing more to go upon than volubility, brisk ways of putting things, quickness in reading up briefs and a turn for being in a heat at once about things that heat others.

But, on terms, a journalist could keep his soul and his brains. First, he must think of his paper not as a spring-board or a crutch for his own use, nor as a hoarding for the posters of a party, but as an instrument of civilisation that he can spend his life in plying without fear of feeling, when he is dying, that he has been parasitic, either in the sense of having lived on popular imbecility or vulgarity, or only in that of having stood by, gossiping or nagging, while better men worked. There must be no uncritical assents, in politics, morals or criticism, to fashionable second-bests, no vending to foolish people of expression for their foolish thoughts. That was, in Arnold's view, the first clause of a journalist's honour; he must beware of "reflecting public opinion"; he must say, not what his clients might like, but what he believes.

Next, he must earn a right to believe; he must feel that to tell the truth is not a matter of will only, but of skill and pains. Having often to make his mind up swiftly on points of evidence, he must find a mental discipline to train in him some special faculties that are more easily kept strong and supple by the daily work of a scholar or a judge. Since he may have to write on many subjects and cannot be an expert upon them all, he must make himself a first-rate expert upon one, that he may keep unblurred his sense of what knowledge means, and that to themes to which he cannot bring an expert's knowledge, he may bring at least an expert's method—his sense of relative values in evidence; his caution, and also his reach, in generalising; his adhesiveness to the point; his enjoyment of accuracy as accuracy. Arnold would often say that a young journalist should, in the old phrase, try to know everything about something, and something about everything. Unless he made some subject his own, his mind tied to it with an elastic string and leaping

back to it upon release from other work, he was likely to fritter brains and character away upon a trashy universalism; and perhaps be forced in middle life, when his early education had died out in him, and high spirits had sunk, to slip down into indescribable quackeries and effronteries in the effort to seem to be worth minding. And yet, to be fit for his work, he should have wide curiosity too; nothing should strike him as unclean or common that preoccupies very many normal persons; rather he should have a touch of the child's or artist's tickled sense of fact, simply as fact; and this sense he should bring, above all, to principles in their working clothes, institutions with the dust of life on them—the racket and humours of elections, the way a jury talk when they have left the box.

Nor would all the gain, Arnold thought, be on one side. To be an expert was the making of a journalist; but to be a journalist might save an expert some mistakes. Bagehot would not have been a prince of journalists without his economic training; but Maine, if he had been a journalist, might not have had his vision of an average audience of skilled English artisans as "roughs and clowns." "Even the Historical Method has its own clap-trap."[1] Arnold hoped the work of a historian and of a journalist might be each other's complement, the special mental discipline of each the antiseptic to the other's special maladies. And an amphibious writer, one foot in journalism and one in scientific history, might not merely be schooled by both; he might serve as intermediary between them; he might convince a fellow expert here and there that a mind may keep its edge, and even sharpen it, on the daily clinical study of affairs; and, as friend to coherent thinking,

1. John Morley. "Studies in Literature" (1891), p. 111.

he might say a word to the man in the morning train—might even, Arnold hoped, shake his fixed idea "that science is the same thing as the physical sciences and that scientific method can come only through the latter."

Arnold lived with a will the life thus planned. But such plans for using life are bets on its length. Gibbon won on the June night when he laid down the pen in his garden house at Lausanne. Almost every year the throw is seen lost, when the desk of someone who had left a sense of possible greatness on other workers at his craft—like Lewis Nettleship, Adamson, York Powell—is found, at his early death, to be full of masses of jotted notes, drafts of chapters, perhaps a scheme for the whole organism of a book, but nothing built; only heaped bricks and a pencilled plan. For these defeats there is no wide sympathy. To work twenty years in a mine and send up nothing marketable, and then be brought up dead—to many minds this is the very type of futility. What ailed him, to waste the sun while he had it? A few fellow students may know that the work begun was good; laymen incline to see only the fate of another Casaubon;[1] the rows of frustrated note-books even warm them with a consciousness of truer sanity in letting their own minds live from hand to mouth; had they also tried to write, it might have been on like sand.

As a historian Arnold lost. Dying at fifty-two, disabled at forty-four, unable during his twenty working years to give to history more than the leisure of an exhausting profession, he published very little, and scarcely any part of his main design had been carried, when he died, to the point at which he would have wished a work of his to be judged.

1. The Casaubon, needless to say, of "Middlemarch"; not Isaac Casaubon, nor Meric.

But only in one field out of two was there little to show. In his dual career each half was, he hoped, to help the other out; history to give journalism severity of method; journalism to keep history supplied with certain ingredients of sagacity, certain modes of alertness and caution. If he did not live to prove this use of journalism, he proved the converse use of history; no one watching his mind at work could doubt that it was partly the historical discipline that gave him the place he held, in the esteem of his profession, beside Bagehot, Greenwood, Morley, Barth, Godkin and the few others who in Europe or America have shown aptitude and zest for the exertion of first-rate minds and picked characters under the condition of modern journalism. He wrote, by choice, on far more things than most men, of fair mental power and alacrity, can discuss at call without risk of becoming mere thinkers by proxy and re-arrangers of unfelt phrases; he wrote on politics, on the theatre, on painting and sculpture, on criticism and "pure literature," and these were not all, and yet he always wrote from reserves of relevant knowledge, and you felt behind the words the push of an eager mind.

The reserves were systematically fed. To each of four or five subjects Arnold applied the method by which an expert in it keeps himself aware what his fellows are doing. The expert, of course, does more; he adds to the stock of things known, besides noting additions made by others. In that sense Arnold was not an expert in economics or the history of art, or geography, or dramatic criticism. But he knew what the experts were at; a civilian, he rode round the outposts; the journalist, he thought, should pass and re-pass between the firing line of knowledge and the base, or the non-combatants; a paper failed if it left unnoticed any new fact or fruitful idea

that research had added to knowledge of a subject on which the paper offered to speak—if it rushed out to tell people how to stage Greek plays, or how to look at Central Asian politics, in terms that showed that it had not heard of some essential point first brought out a week before in a German classical review or at a meeting of Viennese geographers. There was scarcely an English, French, or German specialist review of the first rank, political, economic, geographical or critical, which Arnold did not scan. Friends at work on subjects far away from Roman history would get word from him of recondite foreign monographs which he feared they might have overlooked. Sometimes a fresh subject, large or slight, would draw him, and the same sweeping, small-meshed net would be cast in the new waters. Some years before the bicycle had become first a fashionable plaything and then a general utensil, Arnold's attention was piqued by its possible uses; a friend would find him on Saturday morning scouring with swift minuteness the whole week's output of cycling periodicals from Western Europe, lest a fact or idea worth having should go to waste.

To use such a method to any purpose several qualities were needed, all distinct and few of them common. First, a versatile energy of curiosity that pressed, for the pleasure's sake, towards the heart of every human interest, not in mere amateurish inquisitiveness, nor in search of raw material for dilettante talk, but with a natural passion for thoroughness. Next, a particular kind of imaginative sympathy with the plain man who is no specialist, a sympathy so rare that exhaustive knowledge of any subject is almost expected to put a bar between a man and his kind. Then, to make the method physically practicable, the swiftness in reading that seems to rip the sense out of a printed page as one turn of a skilled wrist guts a whole

fish. Arnold was one of those who might seem to be merely cutting the pages of a new book, on a subject that they know, but will lay it down at the end with the net addition already filed and docketed that its contents can make to their own stock. Without this knack a man who tries to keep up with so much as one fair-sized subject is oppressed or flurried with a sense of "ever climbing up a climbing wave"; without the further knack for marshalling his memoranda he may be half paralysed with fear of drowning, out of sight of land, as Stevenson said of Balzac, in the ocean of his own material. Arnold's multifarious mass of cuttings, notes and references, was arranged in concentric circles about him; the most vital parts re-read and digested; the next in order of value merely indexed in his mind and kept ready to his hand by the help of some 378 spacious pigeon-holes; the outer ring of material not preserved bodily but kept within call by notes of its whereabouts, filed in the appropriate pigeon-hole. Thus he sat, as oarsmen say, above his work. If a subject suddenly gained its first prominence—say, for illustration, the question of keeping or ousting the Polynesian labourers in Queensland—its emergence would find him equipped with (1) a fair hold, in his own mind, of the simplest of the governing considerations; (2) an instantly available store, in a pigeon-hole labelled perhaps "Tropical Industry," of extracts from the chief recent contributions of competent economists, physiologists and geographers to scientific knowledge of points involved; and, in a pigeon-hole possibly labelled "The 'White Australia' feeling," the most salient recent expressions of various strains of Australian public feeling on these points; (3) in the "Tropical Industry" pigeon-hole, a body of references to passages in books in which experts of authority have touched the problem on the scientific side; and, in the "White Australia" pigeon-hole, a similar

body of references to passages of books in which Australian feeling had been studied by qualified observers. The full strength of the method was only seen in conflict with that old enemy of the journalist, the new theme sprung upon him by the wire late upon some night when miners have been rioting under the Equator or fishermen fighting for bait on the shore of Newfoundland. The challenge found Arnold's forces only waiting for mobilisation; he had good guns in action while others would still be looking for stones.

Yet another qualification was needed—some knowledge, not an expert's and yet not quite an amateur's, of each subject to which the method was applied. To fetch news from any particular frontier of knowledge you must know, for one thing, where that frontier is; for another, you must know the code that knowledge writes her news in, to be able to decipher it. Experts were apt to come with a start upon unexpected pockets of special knowledge in Arnold's mind. The letters on German feeling towards England which he wrote in the *Spectator* during his last illness [1] showed a command of current political literature in Germany that no previous English writer on the subject had gained. A distinguished French man of letters, M. Augustin Filon, whose help Arnold had sought in tracing a stray line of French to its source, has told [2] how

1. Reprinted in book form with additions and notes, under the title "German Ambitions, as they affect Britain and the United States of America." Smith, Elder & Co., 1903.

2. De son érudition, je puis juger indirectement par un souvenir qui m'est personnel. Je l'ai vu préoccupé d'un vers français, cité par Dryden et appartenant sans nul doute à l'un de nos poètes de ce temps. A moins que Dryden ne se fût accordé la fantaisie d'inventer un vers français, tout de même que le cardinal de Retz improvisait devant le parlement une phrase de Cicéron pour enlever un vote. Arnold me demanda mon secours; mais, en discutant avec lui, je m'aperçus bien vite qu'il en savait plus long que moi sur Racan, Mairet, Benserade, Sarrasin, que le nain de Julie et Conrart, malgré la prudence de son fameux silence, n'avaient pas de secrets pour lui. S'il était informé à ce point sur un sujet étranger et lointain, effleuré en passant, que ne devait-il pas savoir sur ces siècles de l'empire romain, où il a, en quelque sorte, vécu? ("Journal des Débats," June 29, 1904.)

he found that Arnold knew better than he the mass of French verse of Dryden's age; and the story has since drawn from another Frenchman with an exceptionally wide knowledge of literature, M. Lucien Mahieu, the comment: "M. Filon is right. Mr. Arnold knew contemporary French literature much better than I did. I learned a great deal from him, even on this subject."

These pockets were kept full by gusts of special acquisitiveness. The impulse to work on Roman history was never displaced; it was a trade-wind; it held; off that track, curiosity blew where it listed; only, always hard. At one time all his leisure would go to Goethe. "I surround myself," he writes, "with Goethe books—did I ever tell you that my present mania is Goethe and that I am reading everything by him and about him that I can lay hands on?" And, four months later: "I grind away at Goethe." Another three months and he is absorbed in Greek tragedy, especially Euripides, who, he writes, "raises the fundamental problems almost more than anybody."

> "I have been reading Euripides with much interest of late. The naïve brutality of the Creon-like passages is of an amazing crudity. How remote from the real thing are the current expositions of the Greek drama! But read the 'Iph. Aulis.' The scenes in which Achilles finds out what is going on (the audience of course knowing it already—no puzzles for the audience in Greek theatre!) and Clytemnestra turns upon her blundering, lying old husband with an "A bas les masques!' are splendid."

Arnold's reading of Greek drama was vitalised by a turn for discriminating, in their classical expression, modes and qualities of feeling in which moderns find special

piquancy and which they are prone to call modern. To a friend who had told him how in bed at night on the East coast of Scotland, with the wind whining round the house, after a long day in the open, he had found himself laughing with glee at the very idea of a house, with its cunning snugness, Arnold wrote:—

"What you say about St. Andrews and the well-compacted house at night tickled my fancy a good deal. But hasn't Sophocles been before you? You remember the great chorus on the Beginnings of Civilisation in the "Antigone." First man teaches himself sea-faring. And then tillage. And then he tames the animals to his service. And then—

ἀστυνόμους
ὀργὰς ἐδιδάξατο καὶ δυσαύλων
πάγων διαίθρεια καὶ
δύσομβρα φεύγειν βέλη
παντοπόρος.

Just the same note of surprised pleasure at man's 'cuteness, isn't it? I had it myself the other day while I was standing on Battersea Bridge. It is constant in Homer, and one of the charms of him."

One of the keenest of these by-interests was in geography. Arnold had the strategist's imagination; maps were pictorial to him; when he studied one you felt that he could then shut his eyes, and look down mentally as a man standing looks at the floor, and see a whole shire lie there like an unrolled scroll. And this topographic vision, when its exercise had warmed him, he could communicate. Cycling with him you felt wide tracts of country coming out in their relief, vertebrate with water-sheds, the streams

searching into the heads of all the valleys, almost visibly, as hyacinth-roots grope out into the end of a glass-jar. He liked to ride down the picked spots where nature's transactions come to a point and their meaning meets the eye—would make, delightedly, for the very boss of earth, on the moors near Buxton, whence part of each shower that wets it runs down to the Humber, and part to the Irish Sea, or the upland field near Market Harborough where the Nen and the Avon rise and, as he liked to feel, the puff of a child's breath on a still day might send a falling snowflake to the German Ocean or, if the child turned, to the Atlantic. Central and Southern Europe he knew not merely well, but vividly, with a mind full of notes of points for imagination to work round and start from, points like that earth's-navel near the top of the St. Gothard where the tendons of Europe's frame are tied into a central knot, and the Rhine, the Rhone and the Po come up, as to a clearing-house, to fetch back to the Adriatic and the Gulf of Lyons and the North Sea what each has lent to the sky. Such places kindled his mind, springing in it sensuous images of the swing and return of great forces over wide fields. Away from home and maps, he still kept an easy visual hold of the lie of country, and was ready to plan for a friend new lines of search for points where these transfiguring glimpses of geographical reality were to be obtained—cardinal watersheds, strongly featured coasts, silted or scoured estuaries, nodal points in the articulation of ranges of hill. To a Manchester friend he writes from abroad:—

"Very interesting about your passion for the Pennine. I felt it too. But I don't see the Wrekin, etc., as Pennine. For me the chain dies away in that high table-land between Crewe and Stafford, and you will

see what you have to do is to explore (1) the source of the Trent. Train to Congleton and work south to Colwich or Stafford. See the junction with Derwent and master the great Trent bend. By the way, the country about Colwich has always looked very interesting from the train, and quite unknown. (2) Train to Tebay Junction and work down the Lune to Lancaster. This is feasible, even in the day. By the way, an old cyclist one told me that there is high ground, somewhere in that region, whence you can see at one and the same moment *two* fifty-mile-an-hour expresses hurling themselves Northwards on the North-Western and the Midland—ten miles apart and quite unconscious of the juxtaposition, but brought into one focus by the lonely cyclist's eye. Doesn't that appeal to your imagination? (3) The least known hill district of all England— that Bowland region which you and Patchell and I walked that day. Ride through the Trough of Bowland (Cp. the Trouée de Belfort) from Whalley or Clitheroe to Lancaster. I don't think it can be geologically part of the Pennine, but am not sure. Anyhow it is worth exploring for its own sake. (4) The whole Craven region—Settle, Clapham, the Upper Wharfe, etc."

Arnold's method ruled his style. To read so much and also write much, a man must often write fast. As it was, few men could write as fast as he with less loss. There was no painful crushing of the desire to bevel and inlay the phrase; rather he took light from haste, as a man who can talk takes light from looks that ask him to go on. The best things of all are not written thus, but a man of full mind, humour and a virile habit in using words will sometimes write surprisingly well with the smell of the printer's ink to go to his head and warm

him; the more so if at other times he writes word by word, and each word weighed, as Arnold wrote history. Out of the slow cometh forth swiftness: Arnold knew that the waters of style, like other waters, flow their fastest after damming, and he worked the knowledge into a place in his scheme; as newspaper thought should learn order from specialist study, so was newspaper style to learn rapidity from the slowness of specialist writing: in the two-speed gear of the pen the low speed was not only to alternate with the high, but to enhance it, as recoil puts pace into spring.

This enhanced speed he desired not merely in order to get work done in time. He traced a relation between the pace at which a thing is read and that at which it should be written: to a rapid scanning of a newspaper leader or criticism on the way to town the right correlative, in his view, was a mode of writing that conformed more closely to the quick, broken flow of forcible speech than political or critical writing commonly does; and one of the means by which he thought that this sympathetic relation between reader and writer might be attained was an extreme rapidity in writing; that those who run might read, it was best to write running. Here, to show the idea in action, is a typical passage from a notice of a play that Arnold had just seen for the first time:—

> "At the same time 'The —— of ——' is by no means a good play, though, as is natural with Mr. ——, a good deal more brightly and smartly written than the average. Its psychology is trivial and its ethics downright perverse. Shelley said in his half humorous, half serious way, of the 'School for Scandal': 'I see the object of this comedy. It is to associate goodness and kindness with drinking, and villainy with books.' So in

'The —— of ——,' the good people break the Ten Commandments freely, while those who keep them are hypocrites or callous egotists. A very juvenile Rousseauish opposition of 'duty' and 'Nature' constantly recurs—as if philosophers meant by living 'according to nature' living according to the elementary, often anti-social and inhuman instincts of the flesh. Mrs. A—— is a sympathetic and charming person who committed adultery while she had three young children living. L—— A—— is a gallant young fellow who forges his friend's signature to an accommodation bill. These facts are a little too solid, and the audience rebels somewhat when it is asked to give all its sympathy to the wife and son and none to the straight-living pharisaical father. It is quite true that a man may live straight and not have the root of the matter in him; but it is not true—and it is of immoral tendency to represent it as true—that all virtuous people are hypocrites and egotists. There should have been a foil to Mr. A——, a virtuous person who is also amiable—but the odious minister, Mr. D——, is worse than his patron. The devil really has too much the best of it. We have not the slightest sympathy with the mock prudery that would banish from the stage all serious treatment of one great side of life. But it is not serious treatment of it to represent Mrs. A——'s proceedings of ten years ago as a mere venial lapse, quite consistent with her remaining a happy wife and happy mother, and respected by all who knew her, and with a " day at home " for the *élite* of Warminster. The French have a logic of their own in these things, and think that a *grande passion* justifies everything. But then they have the wit to see that a *grande passion* of that kind necessarily ends in a grand smash, and that it is not permissible to make the

best of both worlds—which is what Mrs. A—— substantially does."

Arnold would have been quick to show that this prose is not of the very best—that it is not exquisite; that, though there is rhythm, there are no new finds in rhythm, none of the prose melodies that ripple, trail, or climb to the ear in ways of their own; that the phrase might be richer in second intentions, that there might be more harmonics to the notes; that the emphasis with its frontal attack, the open laying out of the antitheses, the whole technical affinity to Macaulay, preclude the best choiceness. Yet it is good work-a-day prose; it has connection; not the connection of conjunctive particles; it coheres organically;[1] the paragraph, not the sentence, is the unit of thought, the strong sense crossing in its stride the little breaks at which bad writers fuss with their little bridges. The style, again, is what the craft calls fluffless—there is no inky humming and ha-ing, or clearing of the literary throat; and the whole is a-tingle with an unbookish ring; you would think that he said it aloud while he wrote, and indeed it reads as his talk sounded, and one hears in it the rise and fall of his eager voice pressing its points.

On this level of force and vivacity Arnold wrote as fast as the pen could move, in the hour or two hours after a play ended, or in the train, or amid the Sibylline whirl of leaves of tissue-paper from which the leader-writer must extract the gist of a long or late debate in Parliament. He was aware of the risks of the practice; nobody hated better the second-rate journalist's smooth and washy flow of commonplace. In one letter he says:—

"I have been reading the elder Seneca, and have come

1. Arnold often quoted with approval the saying of Jowett, "Style is connection."

across this lovely bit about the ordinary X—— and facile writers generally; 'Erat explicatio Fusci splendida quidem sed operosa et implicata, cultus nimis adquisitus . . . ; summa inaequalitas orationis, quae modo exilis erat, modo nimiâ licentiâ vaga et effusa . . . ; *nihil acre, nihil solidum, nihil horridum;* splendida oratio et magis lasciva quam laeta. . . . Nunquam inopia verbi substitit, sed *velocissimo ac facillimo cursu omnes res beata circumfluebat oratio.*' Observe particularly the words italicised. That *nihil horridum* is really magnificent, and made me chortle."

A safeguard, he thought, for a writer forced to work fast was to keep his mind steeped in the work of men who had mastered the great bare way of writing, in which the thought goes naked and must bear looking at. "Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark." "The time has been that, when the brains were out, The man would die." To write like that, Arnold used to say, was a test as well as a feat; long before the wording of what most men had to say was cut down to that point, the poverty or staleness of their thought would be unbearably well rendered; and to test and keep his integrity a journalist should learn to strip his matter. Of course he could not do this always, for nothing, in any art, takes so long to reach or needs more power than plainness—a good Rodin is only a thought with every shred of marble verbiage, that had clogged it, chipped away. Arnold meant that a man should train himself to go, when he could, as far as he could, in paring down expression towards the fineness in which it fits upon feeling like a cry; and this was to be done by reading and re-reading authors whose phrase had austerity and bite, like the Bacon of the "Essays," Swift in the "Modest Proposal," Fuller, Goldsmith in some of his irony, and

Shakspeare in the few parts where he tries to be grimly plain and is grimmer than anybody. No harm done either if this gave the style a tang of salt quaintness; good American slang, with its jagged concision, has this, and we all draw on it, and rightly; why not, too, on piquancies of our own make, or our fathers'? No matter if some semi-literates found a discomforting queerness in the archaism of jets of force like Fuller's: "Who shall say which of us lay uppermost in Adam's loins, or took the wall in Eve's belly?" Reading the memoir of Cherbuliez written for the *Revue Bleue* by M. Emile Faguet at the novelist's death, Arnold pounced on a passage animated by his own idea, cut it out and posted it to a fellow writer.

"Read this by Faguet on Cherbuliez. The bit about style is excellent:—

"'Cherbuliez était persuadé qu'il suffisait de pratiquer une langue, dans un monde qui la parle bien, pour la connaître; mais qu'il n'était pas inutile cependant de l'étudier pour la savoir mieux. Aussi la recherchait-il dans les auteurs de vieux terroir francais, c'est-à-dire là où elle est, dans les écrivains originaux du XVIe et du XVIIe siècle, et il était comme pénétré de cette "substantifique moelle." C'est ce qui a donné à sa langue cette forte et fine saveur de délicat archaïsme, dont, pour mon compte, je suis ravi, et c'est ce qui a induit certains chroniqueurs qui prennent Thespis pour une déesse et qui mettent un solécisme dans chaque ligne de leurs proses et dans chaque vers de leurs drames, à assurer qu'il faudrait "apprendre le français à M. Cherbuliez, lequel ne sait que le suisse."'

"I always think there is a bit of the 'substantifique moelle' of Bacon in your own style, and I aimed at

something of the kind myself. And then the way the common or garden reader appreciates Cherbuliez is very funny. 'Quaedam in Livio patavinitas.'"

A writer who cares for his craft is apt, as he goes on, to think not quite as he did of causes that he has set out to serve. He set out, perhaps, sure that they were good; he is sure of it now; still that sureness may have started full-grown, and can grow no more; what grows is his sense of intrinsic value in other, ancillary things—modes or by-products of advocacy; to be fair, to keep to the point, to treat as a trust the use of words—more and more do these seem to him to be no mere means to win a case, but ends. Bad writing breeds fanaticism; you have not the skill to put a point well, or you will not be at the pains, and the next thing is that to put it ill is a mark, in your sight, of a faith too whole and single to care for forms. To the better workman comes more easily a sense of the remoteness of some of those further ends, and of the dimness of the ways to them—remote and dim, that is, compared with the gain that is laid up whenever so much as one well-turned sentence brings its tiny cell of new tissue to repair the living body of a language. Arnold had this sense in politics; he was contained and critical, saw few sheep either white or black, but a great many grey, of various tones, between which it piqued him to discriminate, and also to draw events to scale; in an ordinary day's molecular activity he would neither deplore a state of coma nor trumpet the stir of new worlds in the womb. Yet he took politics to heart and attained a politics of his own, mixed from ingredients of his own bringing.

One of these ingredients was a more than common relish for moral individuality. In his friends he liked a strong-

lined temperament even more than learning. "So-and-So," he would say of someone who only spoke or saw with the tongue of his class or the eye of his time of life, "is a mere shell of a man." In the will to stand by one's own ideas of what is worth having and doing he found a kind of seminal virtue; anyone taking the world in a way of his own was experimenting for us all; to thwart him at his sowing was not so much a wrong to him as to us; it might impoverish the moral flora. So, too, what was racy in a race had its use and its right to be used; whatever made Welshmen less Welsh or Poles less Polish lessened the diversity and richness of the general outlook upon life; it took from an observatory part of its advantage of remoteness; and if political safety were pleaded in excuse Arnold would laugh; he would speak of the flying machine that was much the best of its kind, but must not quit the earth lest it break; what was politics for if not to enrich life and character, what was its use if it must live by missing its aim? Autonomy was a mode of self-expression which he thought it wasteful to withhold from any nation—the test of nationality being, to his mind, the consciousness of it. There was perhaps no political object for which he cared more, or wrote with more fire, than Irish Home Rule. "Do, for Heaven's sake," he wrote to a fellow-journalist in 1903, when scarcely able to pencil the note, "'smack Bulgaria on the back for all you are worth, and give a lash to those vile Greeks who are selling their souls to the Turks.'" The last reference to politics in his letters was an expression of passionate sympathy with the Basques, among whom he was living, in their resistance to the French official policy of denationalisation.

On these topics Arnold wrote like one who had felt, with the full energy of the imagination, what it would be to see a foreign flag over St. Paul's, and English pooh-poohed

as a *patois* in a Surrey school. His own patriotism was not a resultant of trains of reasoning, nor an inflamed sense of property in a wide estate: it was affection; the sight of English fields as the train came up from Dover stirred him to a kind of ecstacy like old Gaunt's; words that he let fall showed how his mind could rest and doat, lover-like, on the visual idea of England lying out apart from Europe, at her incomparable moorings, all of her juicy green with her temperate rains and suns and tramped up and down by Shakspeare clowns; everything characteristically English—the lie of a Cheshire village, with its church, manor and parsonage; the harsh pith of rustic speech on Pennine moorlands; an English peasant taking his bearings in a new shire, crumbling a clod in his hand and snuffing up the smell of the tilth after rain; a wayside smithy that might not have changed its look since Chaucer; Oxfordshire farmers meeting in the market train and talking like Shallow and Silence of the price of wool and the deaths of acquaintances—everyone English finds savour in these things, but to Arnold the English accent on them was almost an intoxicant. He seemed to taste it as much more delightedly than most men as most men feel the accent of the eighteenth century more clearly than that of their own.

From this passion for England sprang another feeling towards the Empire. The exertion, especially if thankless, of great qualities that he thought peculiarly English, always stirred his enthusiasm;[1] the thought of an English

1. A friend in whose house Arnold and his wife sometimes passed a few days writes: "I had, now and then, a glimpse of his deeper feelings. For instance, his enthusiasm for anything which gave evidence of self-sacrifice in social work. I remember how he kindled at once in speaking of a young man of our own class who at one time took lodgings on the premises of one of the Manchester Lad's Clubs in order to devote himself more completely to the work during his evenings."

magistrate or doctor used up obscurely in India or Polynesia thrilled the Puritan in him, a Puritan who had received the Renaissance, and whom the beauty of an austere dutifulness warmed like the glow and sweep of a Titian; he would rage against the shallow journals of travel—mainly by Russians—in which the minor English civil servant in the plains of India is casually sketched as an idler or even as a small Verres. Yet he felt that the Empire might be England's dangerous rival for the love of Englishmen. He was much haunted by the Roman tragedy of an Empire whose extremities grew at the cost of her heart,[1] and feared that in some cases expansion might de-Anglicise English conquerors and unman the races conquered. These mingled strains of feeling are indicated in a letter to a fellow-Liberal:—

"Are there not sides to the British Empire of which the most ardent Liberal can be justly proud? The guiding clue is, to my mind, the distinction between the Colonial Empire (not really Empire) and the genuine Imperial article. For the peaceful extension of our race, with peace, order and self-government, over the waste places of the earth one can have little but welcome and feel little but pride. But the real Empire is government, by the sword, of inferior races—generally coloured. In these cases, even if the Government is just and the *Pax Romana*, or *Britannica* is assured, there is always the dread question whether the fibre of the ruled is not fatally weakened, whether you are not in the long run, in depriving your fellow-men of self-government, depriving them of their manhood. The

1. In expressing this misgiving he would sometimes quote the stanzas of Matthew Arnold's "Obermann Once More," beginning at the line "Like ours it looked in outward air."

case is still worse in the comparatively rare cases of dominion over unwilling white and equal races, *e.g.*, the Boers. No doubt there are cases—Malay Peninsula, Fiji, etc.—in which our rule appears a blessing. Still, the extension of Empire in these two latter senses is, I think, to be watched with the greatest jealousy and, as a rule, resisted. But this should not make one unjust to the individuals who have to work the administrative machine in India, etc."

A note from Chésières, written later, expresses the fear he often felt lest, in watering our garden, we should let our household die of thirst:—

"James Long's letter in Thursday's *Manchester Guardian*, about the agricultural labourer, is important and interesting. It reminds me that the foreigners had an entertainment here the other night *pour les pauvres*, gained 400 francs, and then found there were no *pauvres* to give it to! What a country! And then look at England and the rheumatic old labourers in the workhouses. But what is to be done in this or any other salutary direction until the Imperialistic tyranny is overpast?"

The other main ingredient in Arnold's politics, and indeed in all his judgments, was a more than common deference to the authority of special knowledge. Liking moral nonconformity, he hated intellectual impudence; at forty, his face would still tingle, he said, to think how he had pulled the beard of one of his betters, J. A. Symonds, in some critical discussion twenty years before, as men will do in their airy youth; friends will remember the gusto

in his voice when he spoke of a "competent expert," or of "going to head-quarters," or distinguished someone who was "just a brilliant amateur" from someone else whose "judgment counted with serious people who wanted to understand." He had a way, when a new point arose, of asking himself how it would have struck some mind that he looked up to; some view on affairs of to-day was surely what that great Liberal, Dr. Arnold, would have thought; in criticism he would frame judgments, to see how they looked, in terms of the probable verdicts of Matthew Arnold or Pater, or, at the theatre, of Lemaître and Sarcey, then the first dramatic critics in Europe. As a critic he may at times have carried respect for authority too far, urged by the feeling which he derived from Matthew Arnold that in these things education could best be carried forward on a strong central stream of organised European opinion. In politics this respect, qualifying Arnold's love of human individuality and eagerness to liberate and encourage it, made him a Liberal exceptionally alert to meet such maladies of democratic politics as the assurance that arrogates finality for casual, half-informed judgments, or the worldliness that falls in unenquiringly with what is in vogue for the time in a party or a nation. At some moments he would seem almost sardonically critical of what was current; but this only gave the measure of his belief in the unexhausted possibilities of democracy.

To many younger colleagues Arnold was a teacher. He had always liked sharing what he knew; though he had never wished to be a schoolmaster, he had some of the compelling qualities of one—a controlled, judicial impatience, a kind of wrathful affection for ignorance; he would scold like a guide who will not let you lie down in the snow. To a clever man fresh from a good degree

and perhaps a little conscious of a mission to purge the press of its dross,[1] the first contact with Arnold was somewhat formidable. He was nearly six feet high, sinewy and broad, a thirteen-stone athlete with (in these later years) a student's stoop. His face was, for an Englishman's, extraordinarily dark, with black hair, a redoubtable chin and mouth and a great, beetling, lined forehead;[2] his look was enigmatic till he laughed; he had a shyness easily mistaken for ferocity. As he talked, in packed, clipped sentences, with suspensive nods, or little grunts of distaste, he would sometimes rub his hands, and between them the grain that had served so well at the Schools or in prize essays seemed to crumble, before the producer's eyes, into an afflicting bran. "Do you really *think* all that?" "Very *nice*, you know, but what are you going upon?" "'The mundane movement'! Mundane movement! Mean to say they let men talk about the 'mundane movement' at Oxford now?" Repeated by him, quite simply, banality and inflation found themselves out; they took fright and looked foolish. "I'm afraid it *is* pigwash, rather," a patient ruefully conceded. "My dear boy," was the reply, "It's nothing like so definite." He wondered that the universities should not do more to teach the negative parts of writing. "It really seems,"

1. To a colleague who had overlooked, in revision, some expression of this state of mind, Arnold wrote :—

"... Discriminate between good journalism and bad, but never allow journalism as such to be discreditably spoken of. This is one of the points I always watch for in proof—the 'superior' contributor is very prone to this damned foolishness; there was much of it in ... till he grew older and wiser."

2. The face of Dr. Arnold in the Westminster Abbey bust owes some touches to sittings given by William Arnold to the sculptor, Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

he would say, " as if every Greats man needed a year in a newspaper-office to unlearn his journalese." [1]

But if the first clearance had its rigour, the generosity that refilled was incomparable. Everything that by any pains he could impart—facts, communicable dexterities, pregnant ideas, stores of references that stood for months of labour—Arnold would pour out in total unconsciousness of doing anything unselfish. He would watch for a younger colleague's achievement, point it out and exult in it as some men do in their own. On the work of those under him there was a constant fire of intimate, inspiriting criticism that overlooked nothing slipshod and nothing that had merit. He was slow to despair of anyone; you would find that what he remembered best about a writer usually sapless or perfunctory was some piece of work in which he had been raised above himself by an authentic thrill of feeling. So-and-so, he would agree, was a poor political writer, " but his . . . . article," Arnold would add, " was quite superb in its own Corinthian way," referring, perhaps, to some vivid, turbid narrative of an adventure. Of a middling journalist who had amazed him by writing something vertebrate, he wrote :—

> " It is curious and interesting about X——. Is he *drunk* when he writes like that? If so, one is tempted to say with Lincoln, when they told him that Grant drank too much whiskey, ' What is the brand, that I may send some to my other generals?' "

1. The inexact rhetorical use of historical parallels by educated men was a special irritant to Arnold. In the autumn of 1899 he writes :—

> " Cheerful about Milner, isn't it? That stuff about ' Helots ' is dreadful—makes one think that, after all, the ' practical man ' is right in distrusting the don in real affairs. And the joke is that Milner has used his Oxford so badly, the Outlanders not being Helots at all, but —very exactly—μετοικοί, who at Athens did all the trade, but were, of course, aliens from Asia and unenfranchised."

It troubled him to see a man not attaining the full possibilities of his talent, or losing the benefit of some qualities for lack of others to help them out or set them off. A passage from a letter to a writer who had knowledge, industry and conscience, but, at that time, wanted fire, shows with how tender a finger Arnold could touch [1]:—

"You are too modest and fastidious, my dear boy, and while all the young chaps are going in for *le substantif rare, l'adverbe voyant, et l'adjectif extraordinaire*, and are saying nothing with a great profusion of speech, you stick to your classic σωφροσύνη and eschew all the fashionable humbug, which is good, only one must remember the conditions of journalism and the 'necessity of inflicting strong blows upon' your readers. So I was pleased to see a picturesque, *voyant* epithet or so in that notice, and generally an extra dash of glow and colour. Go on in that vein. With all the young ones beating each of them his little drum, as loud as he knows how, to draw attention to his remarkable performances, we elders cannot afford to be too classically fastidious. And, after all, is not the ideal to combine the colour and in-

1. The same characteristic is illustrated in a passage from a letter to a younger man who had sent Arnold a proof of some unpublished verses for criticism :—

"The measurements raise the point discussed by Wordsworth *à propos* of his 'Thorn';

'I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis five feet long and three feet wide.'

His friends made him change it. He found the particularity typical of the man's mental distress. The dazed consciousness notes unessential trifles. So Rossetti's

'One thing then learnt remains to me,
The word-spurge has a cup of three.'

But is there such sufficient reason for the particularity here? I do not feel sure, and the Philistine would certainly object. I should be inclined, therefore, to yield."

dividuality of the Romantic with the sobriety and sound judgment of the Classic? . . ."

Sometimes these criticisms would pass into more general observations on journalism, or on special sides and functions of it. Of a new war-correspondent he writes:—

"Z—— is no use for war. I never saw a great opportunity so missed as in his . . . . telegram. As if we wanted his noble sentiments . . . ! One wanted the *chose vue*—the detail which is the life and soul of all journalism (of course the general idea is the life and soul too—resolve how you can, you who can), but, above all, of descriptive reporting, and one did not get it. I said to myself—'Hum! I don't see what the *Westminster* can reproduce out of this.'"

To a younger classical scholar he sends, with a copy of Farnell's "Greek Lyric Poets" for review, a note on the function of the specialist reviewer in a daily paper:—

"It would be necessary to show how the collection compares with Bergk's. . . . But though, if a scholar took up the review, he ought to be able to see that it was written by a scholar, still the general educated reader, who has half forgotten his Greek, but who loves poetry, and who might be tempted to rub up the language if assured that he would thereby find in this book poetical impressions otherwise unattainable, is rather the reader to be kept in mind. A few little versions of the *Volkslieder*—either prose or verse—might help to make the review interesting."

Arnold's mind dwelt much upon the nature of the relationship between a newspaper and its readers; it was to eschew alike the reflection of their opinions and the criticism of them wholly from without; a journalism

that merely "gave the public what the public wants" would be a trade for upright men to avoid; but "bear in mind," he writes to another journalist, "that a newspaper is not an individual and has a special relation to its readers which makes the purely cosmopolitan, *dégagé* attitude of the philosopher impossible for it." Not to have borne this always in mind was almost the only fault which he would admit in the journalism of E. L. Godkin; that great journalist, he thought, sometimes carried scientific detachment, in discussing his country's affairs, to a point at which he lost the ear, as well as the assent, of the plain man whom blood warms. Another strong feeling was his dislike of attempts by journalists to "govern the country," as he put it—meaning, to formulate positive policies on their own responsibility and try to force them on Ministries. He disliked also the practice, still common in English journalism, of concentrating almost the whole writing strength of a paper upon politics, to the neglect, or scamping, of literary and other criticism. Of the critical work he says in one of his letters:—

> "No part of a paper *stamps* it more. Your educated man does not always at once discern a good leader from a bad one, but two sentences from a criticism are enough to show him whether the writer is in the swim or not, and whether the paper deserves respect or the contrary."

For serious criticism of every kind he had an insatiable appetite, devouring it in every published form, from monographs on fundamentals to magazine articles. His letters abound in passages like these:—

> "I am sending you a little birthday offering of Swinburne's book on Shakspeare. I hope you haven't got it already. I never heard you speak of it, so hope for the best. I had occasion to look it up the other day,

and was struck, as one always is, by the childishness of his argumentation, but also by the miraculous sureness of his instinct for fine poetry. He really, in virtue of this sleuth-hound scent of his, interprets—makes one see beauty where one had not seen it before.

. . . . . .

"I have been reading two things lately which you must read. Christie Murray on Burns in this month's *Contemporary*—really new and illuminating; Leslie Stephen's "Shakspeare as a Man," in the 4th volume of his new "Studies of a Biographer,"—insisting *(contre vous, mon ami)* that S is not always wearing the dramatic mask, and that one can detect a great deal of his personality.

. . . . . .

"I have also lately read a great German book on Æsthetics, by one Vischer—really a man of genius, the best German on such subjects since Lessing. The Germans object to him that he puts Shakspeare on top and draws his examples from him rather than from Goethe and Schiller. But that does not spoil him!"

Wherever Arnold's reading, of any kind, brought him to anything of value, his impulse was to write off at once to someone who could use or would enjoy it. He writes to his wife on February 18, 1892:—

"Tell Aunt Jane[1] to get the 4th volume of the new cheap edition of Froude's "Short Studies," containing his "Oxford Counter-reformation." It contains the only warm defence of the Evangelical party and principles by a first-rate man of letters that I know (the High Anglicans have had almost the monopoly of that kind of help), and should please her."

1. Miss Jane Whately, the eldest daughter of Archbishop Whately.

He treated his own knowledge quite naturally and instinctively as a candle that would be none the worse for lighting another man's. To a friend who had just annotated for schools a part of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury"[1] he writes:—

> "Should you some day write a few more notes to this book let me know, and I will send you a sheaf of cuttings in which there may be a grain or two, as well as the foreign stuff—chiefly German—which has been written about Keats."

He delighted especially in helping people to fall to work on new subjects without waste of power or false starts along unprofitable lines of study. To a young Cambridge man who wished to qualify himself for a French mastership in an English public school, he had written, on March 19, 1889:—

> "I wouldn't use —— for more than a book of reference. The French say he is full of blunders. Anyhow he is thoroughly un-French and pig-headedly British in scores of ways. Read all you can of the critical work of Montégut and Faguet (they will suggest further reading), but above all read the French classics themselves, from Montaigne downwards. For philology, Brachet to begin with; after that I would go straight to Gröber's great book (in German) on the philology of the Romance languages. Get the *big* Littré by all means if you possibly can. Darmesteter's "Life of Words" (Kegan Paul) is very good."

To the same correspondent he had written two days before:—

1. "Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics." Book IV. Edited with notes by J. H. Fowler. Macmillan & Co., 1901.

"You cannot work too hard and apply too much effort of mind to master (1) the teaching problem—the best method of getting knowledge into a boy's brain, (2) the French genius. It seems to me that a man in your position fails if his better boys leave him, as most boys do leave school, with the fixed idea that French is a tiresome language, in which are written stilted poetry that nobody can read, and nasty novels that nobody ought to. You ought to be an interpretor of the best qualities of the French mind to your capable boys, and leave them with a liking for the language and the literature. All this is a large order, but I am sure you will agree with me that one's mistakes do not come from pitching one's ideal too high. You can do everything for your mind in the next five or six years if you will work hard, and with your *feelers* well out."

The letter will remind Arnold's friends of his own liking for French literature and his sympathy with many French habits of mind. To read French and to talk it with Frenchmen always gave him pleasure; the "virtue," the characteristic quality of the language, was congenial to him; a French idiom tasted like a nut. He would watch with a happy curiosity an educated Frenchman's mental bearing, his valuations, the way things struck him. The conclusion grew stronger in him, as he grew older, that on the whole the modern German contribution to civilisation had been over-rated and the modern French contribution undervalued. He had begun by accepting without abatement the current estimate of the pre-eminent seriousness of German scholarship, though irritated by some characteristically German modes of addressing the mind to a question. "I read German," he had written to one of his brothers in 1881, "till I am almost sick. Un-

fortunately those beastly Germans are the only people who know anything about anything." In his later years anyone who set up the stock contrast between German thoroughness and French slightness would draw from Arnold vehement citations of first-rate contemporary French work of research in history, economics and theology; he would bring up solid, little-known achievements of recent French archæology and classical scholarship, to put against those which German students had placed with more success upon the intellectual market.

Twenty years before the recent growth of amity between England and France Arnold was urging on all occasions that the two countries were the natural joint leaders of free Europe and guardians of its peace. And it was not as a public writer only that Arnold worked for this end. He had a plan for animating and equipping at least some few intermediaries between French and English middle-class feeling. He was aware that a certain number of young Frenchmen, who had distinguished themselves at the University, were granted travelling scholarships to enable them to study English language and literature in England, most of them, on their return, becoming masters in French secondary schools. It grieved Arnold that these future teachers of Frenchmen should perhaps know little more of England than some cheerless London lodging and the Reading Room of the British Museum. Helped by his friend the late Mlle. Souvestre,[1] he sought acquaintance with them, entertained them at his house in Manchester, sent them, armed with many introductions, to Oxford and Cambridge,

1. Daughter of the late Emile Souvestre, the novelist, and for many years a schoolmistress in England. She was a woman with a rare talent for conversation and for friendship.

to Uppingham, Malvern, and Charterhouse; he thought out minute schemes for showing them at its best the life of the English student, of the English undergraduate and schoolboy, of the English cathedral city and country house. He would devise itineraries, with ingenious breaks in journeys, combinations of trains and calculations of hours and expenses. To one, whom he had not then seen, he writes in an invitation to Manchester:—

> "I should advise you to take the first train in the morning from St. Pancras station to Rowsley, which is on the Midland line from London to Manchester; book, in the first place, to Rowsley only; leave your luggage at the station and walk a mile to Haddon Hall, which is one of the show places of England; walk back to the station and take an afternoon train (there is a good one between 4 and 5) on to Manchester. In this way, without any extra expense, you would see a very interesting place. Haddon Hall is perhaps the most perfect specimen of the late mediæval dwelling-house that exists in Europe. You should also visit the famous Peacock Inn at Rowsley, if only for a glass of beer. From Rowsley walk a quarter of a mile along the road; then when you come to the bridge over the river, take to the fields on your right and walk along by the stream to Haddon. If you have a fine day you will have a delightful experience. You could either lunch at the Peacock Inn, which I should advise, though it is rather dear, or take sandwiches with you from London. The enclosed map may be useful."

From Manchester he would bring them—familiar, like most English-reading Frenchmen, with the Brontës, especially Emily, and with Mrs. Gaskell—on great walks to Haworth and Knutsford; or to Hebden Bridge, to see

co-operation; or to his favourite Windgather Rocks, or Kinder Downfall; or to the frayed Pennine edge of urban Lancashire where the factory hooter wakes the grouse, and you hear the clogs, before dawn, tapping a dotted line of sound through peat and bracken. A circumstantial thoughtfulness levelled before them the social molehills that loom so mountainous before shy, bookish youth in a foreign country,—the time to "dress" and the time to refrain from dressing; how they should ask for a friend at the door of an Oxford college; they must not be amazed when the porter ejaculated his "Tom. Number 7. Two pair." And this is not for their comfort merely. He coveted for them a real precision of intimacy with English usage. Why not throw off the educated Frenchman's seated habit of writing our "Esq." with a small e? Had they never laughed at the English popular way of writing Mlle. with an interpolated d?[1]

It was Arnold's hope that one of these friends might write on England, for Frenchmen, with at least the authority of Mr. Bodley's studies of modern France. He says, in 1889:—

> "I am convinced that if you go on as you have begun you will get a hold of English and England such as is excessively rare in France. All French books about England and English literature are by intelligent outsiders. But there is room for a book by an insider who knows us and our language almost like an English-

1. Arnold's fastidiousness on points where carelessness is a kind of international incivility, was always vigilant. When he was away from home a reference in the paper to "De Musset" would bring from him an instant protest: "This is a pure Briticism. They say, of course, 'Alfred de Musset,' and 'M. de Musset,' but never 'De Musset'—always Musset, Tocqueville, Coulanges, etc.

man, and yet remains French all the time, and it should be your ambition to write that book."[1]

He helped and prompted them in every project that might set English life and literature in a fairer light. One of them thinks of writing a study of Bunyan, and Arnold writes a long letter of encouragement and advice; he has already arranged for an introduction to the chief English authority on Bunyan's life and time; will not —— go to Bedford at once and work on the spot? Arnold has enquired for lodgings, has written to interest a cadet of a family paramount in Bedfordshire; he encloses a pretty full Bunyan bibliography. An instance of the sanity controlling feelings so strong in him as his impatience of some traits of German culture and his delight in French love of England is offered in a later letter to the same correspondent, who had just distinguished himself at the University of Paris in classical and English scholarship:

"H—— makes the remark that it is somewhat of a *contresens* that you should know English so well, and German not at all. I think there is some truth in this, and that you should seriously consider it. It would greatly strengthen your intellectual equipment to add German to English. The *fonds classique* is too strong in you for there to be any danger of your Teutonising your mind overmuch, as some Frenchmen have done."

1. Arnold received with delight, a few weeks before his death, a little volume ("England and the English," by A. Beljame and L. Mahieu, published in Paris by Hachette), in which one of his suggestions to this correspondent had borne fruit:—

"Many thanks for the letters and the book. I have *roared* over the latter, and so has everybody who has seen it. It is a brilliant idea, most felicitously and humourously carried out, and one quite envies the little French folk whose English lessons, instead of being a *corvée*, will be a delightful lark."

Arnold was at special pains to prevent natural French preconceptions from warping the valuation of English institutions. He writes on November 3, 1890, to a *boursier* for whom he had obtained an opportunity to study at an English public school the "semi-paternal, semi-fraternal" relation, as Arnold called it, of an English schoolmaster to his boys:—

> "What you say about religion and French schools is sound in this sense, that no one is justified in teaching what he does not believe. But you must not transfer French experience bodily to England, and assume that the English schoolmasters inculcate religion without believing in it. Those of them who have no belief manage to leave it alone, and do not go to a school where special stress is laid upon the matter, like Malvern. But many of them quite honestly believe. It is *the* fundamental difference between England and France."

To the same friend—who had just announced his sense of a touch of dullness in a journal that was then one of the most formidable opponents of the domestic policy that Arnold had most at heart—he writes on December 1, 1892:—

> "I understand what you mean by the tediousness of the *Spectator*. At the same time, with all its faults, it is so characteristically English, and in many ways so worthy of respect, that you might do worse than read it."

That was what he worked for—that English and French should penetrate to what is characteristically French and characteristically English; it was not credible to him that the core of any nation, when reached, could be unattractive; mutual dislike or contempt was simply another aspect of shallow observation. "Your conversation," he writes

to a friend at Paris on May 14, 1890, "with the young Frenchman who judged *l'esprit britannique* by "Ally Sloper" was a really valuable piece of experience. That is just the way in which nine Englishmen out of ten judge France and things French." It angered him to see the contrast between English popular ideas of French character and the lives of the Frenchmen whom he knew. One of these, a school-master, had just broken down through over-work, and Arnold suggested that during his unwelcome leisure he should be asked to write something:—

> "He has three children and they are expecting a fourth—the hardest-working, most affectionate, most honourable young couple you can imagine. And this is the people of adulterers, as John Bull conceives them! I was actually told the other day, by one who knew him well, that that nice fellow —— —— (who knows no French), would really rather like to have a war with France, he being a fastidiously virtuous person and conceiving France to be Sodom and Gomorrah."

In this work of reconciliation, as in all that he undertook, Arnold was helped and inspirited, beyond any measure that can be suggested here, by his wife, a lady whose sensitive sympathy and eager benevolence are freshly remembered in Manchester. Writing on May 3, 1895, to a friend who had sent word of his engagement, Arnold spoke of a fortunate marriage as "the one thing in this world which gives solid and lasting happiness, if one deserves it, and which is not vanity of vanities."

It is worth while to record the impression left by Arnold on the young French students who became his friends—all of them men whose lives were to be passed in inter-

preting English life, character and letters, to the youth of France. M. Lucien Mahieu wrote, two months after Arnold's death:—

> "This I may say, that I have thought of him every day since the 29th of May. I have known good men, but they were not so intelligent, so full of taste and learning as he; I have met with clever people, but they were not so upright, and helpful, and disinterested, and human as he; and withal so brave, and simple, and unassuming! I consider my intercourse with him as one of my chief blessings:—

And again, on October 18, 1904:—

> "I should like to tell the story of our intercourse. . . . I should relate how he took me up, a lonely, friendless, insignificant foreigner, cast away in huge London, how he found time to talk and walk with me, devising plans for my entertainment and instruction, trying to make me form an unprejudiced estimate of England and things English. He never thought, all the time, that he himself was a living proof of the excellence of English civilisation and culture. It would be a simple, uneventful story, but it would show how kind he was and eager to help and anxious to foster a good understanding betwen French and English."

M. Lucien Bourgogne, writing in October, 1904, said:—

> "Aujourd'hui c'est une affliction pour moi de penser que . . . je ne pourrai revoir cet ami au coeur si excellent, dont la remarquable intelligence et la haute culture étaient un modèle d'humanité. Peut-être, étant donné ses idées, eût il été content de savoir que son influence sur moi a été grande et qu'avec les années j'ai toujours

mieux compris et apprécié le génie et la civilisation de son pays qu'il m'a un des premiers appris à connaître et à aimer."

M. Emile Bourdon writes on January 24, 1905:—

"Pour ma part j'ai gardé des entretiens trop courts qu'il m'a été donné d'avoir avec lui un souvenir ineffaçable, et plus d'une fois, aux heures critiques de ma vie, j'ai regretté de ne pouvoir lui demander conseil et réconfort; du moins me suis-je efforcé de me conduire comme il me semblait qu'il m'eût engagé à le faire, en me rappellant l'exemple vivifiant de son énergie, de sa droiture et de son amour passionné du Bien. Un tel homme faisait honneur à son pays, et c'était pour nous, Français, un précieux témoignage que l'estime et la sympathie qu'il n'a cessé de professer pour notre nation, malgré les fautes et les folies qu'elle a pu commettre sous l'influence de mauvais guides."

After Arnold's death it was found that almost every line that he had ever written to any of these French friends, even mere notes of street routes hastily jotted down on half sheets of notepaper while they were in his house ten or twelve years before, had been carefully preserved.

During these years Arnold liked to keep a little stream of strangers, of some intellectual distinction, flowing through Manchester. They needed it, he would say laughingly; had not a head-master of Eton lately spoken, in the *Times*, of the "head-master" of Owens College? Arnold wanted to give Manchester its rights in such eyes; at his house were met, for several years, many of the most salient or typical figures in the life of the city, and most of them were at their best there; Arnold's own talk, when he let himself go, had a fine headlong brilliancy; one remembers

his enjoyment, the great sudden roar of laughter, the rushing narrative; and he liked almost every man's "shop"; he would seek out anyone who seemed as if he might yet do anything signally well, or who had any heat of gallant enterprise—scholars; potters with ideas; young artists bitten with unworldly admirations of Corot or the then half-ignored Rodin; young business men adventuring in verse in their evenings; he would accost each in the dialect of his own interest. To his friend, Mr. J. H. Fowler, of Clifton College, formerly a master at the Manchester Grammar School, he writes:—

"So it was your colleague, Mr. Irwin, who suggested that Euripides parallel. If ever it should be possible I would ask you to introduce me to him. His "Lucian" is a favourite book of mine. Apart from Jowett's *magnum opus*, I think it is the liveliest and most idiomatic version from the Greek that we can point to of late years. The "Parasite" is rendered with a charming sly drollery, and the "Nigrinus" with a seriousness and elevation of style that suit the Greek. I do not want to bother either him or you with a correspondence, but I wish you would submit a passage from the latter to him, and some day tell me what he thinks. On p. 177 of his "Nigrinus" he renders *οἱ τὰς πόλεις ἐπιτετραμμένοι* "governors of cities." Should it not be "governors of provinces?"—the aggregate of city-states constituting a province? So in Horace, Od. III., iv. 76, "urbes," as Page points out, means "the world," the ancient world being a city-world. Of course I would not put my view on any point of pure scholarship against Mr. Irwin's, but, as you know, I have pottered a good deal in the provinces, and one gets to have a feeling for words dealing with provincial things."

At the same time Arnold was free from the subtle snobbishness that picks all its friends for the length of their intellectual purse; indeed he disliked sheer intellect, and was repelled by mere forensic agility in handling ideas, presenting cases and prosecuting reforms. "Mere intellectual exercise," he would say, dismissingly, of much journalism that passes as capable, and of certain highly-reputed social reformers; "yes, they are intolerable—philanthropists ἄνευ τοῦ φιλεῖν, a sort of modern version of the Sophists, who taught virtue without having it." He had, certainly, no skill in suffering fools gladly, if they were at their ease; assurance found him alarmingly monosyllabic and gruff; hollow, sounding people who live by phrases suffered strange discomforts in his company; but he could be as "tender to the bashful and merciful to the absurd" as Newman's ideal gentleman; he seemed to keep a half-humorous liking for your true, unpresentable dull dog, trundling his own little hoop of a life, with no speculation in his eyes. Perhaps it was akin to his love of all animals, "not one of whom," he would enthusiastically quote from Whitman, "is respectable, over the whole earth."

From these strenuous years—they were so tranquil too—almost the only things that seemed to stand out, dated, in Arnold's memory were some salient savours of holiday travel. They need not be put into a list. Its pell-mell look would indeed reflect his gift of serious enjoyment, in its versatility; but not in its depth; and that was what struck us most, who were his friends: this sketch of his mind at work in its prime is not of use if it gives no sense of the passion of purposeful zest with which he lived, and used his strength. With no mere flitting and dipping catholicity, he "loved of life the myriad sides" and found nothing dull on the earth.

Digitized

CHAPTER III.

LAST YEARS

By MARY A. WARD

CHAPTER III.

Last Years.

It was in 1896 that Arnold felt the first real symptoms of the spinal mischief which killed him. At first the severe pain which it induced was supposed to be rheumatic, and as one turns over the letters of that date it wrings one's heart to see how hopeful he was of throwing it off, now by this method, and now by that. In the May of 1896, I begged him to come out and join us at Bellagio, that the beautiful spring of the Italian lakes might help him to conquer these new and persistent pains. He could not come. But, in August, he went to Switzerland for the holiday always so eagerly enjoyed. Alas, the holiday weeks were marked with terrible attacks of pain, and his letters from Beatenberg and Rosenlaui are piteous reading. By the autumn he was already very ill. A short holiday near Morecambe Bay, in the house lent him by his old and dear friends the Misses Gaskell, Mrs. Gaskell's daughters, was again of no avail, and in November the doctors sent him to Bournemouth to try long rest, and a milder climate than Manchester. In a letter to me of this winter he spoke of his long companionship with the "sad sister, Pain," and with gratitude of the special love and devotion which his illness had evoked in relations and friends. At Bournemouth, for a time indeed, he seemed to improve. Many days were free from pain; he was able to bicycle occasionally, and to read a good deal; while he never tired of listening to Scott's novels, which his wife read to him. In the spring of 1897 they started for the Riviera, Mentone first, then Bordighera. But the

malady made progress, though there were good times as well as bad, and his eager love of beauty, now as always, brought him moments of oblivion and delight, when he sat among the pines, looking out over mountain and sea. The hope of getting better never left him, and the smallest respite roused in him fresh projects of work.

In June, 1897, he and his wife reached Manchester again after their long absence, and Arnold hoped he might resume work again in the autumn. But, instead, the summer was marked by a serious operation, and all the later months of the year were full of suffering. In January, 1898, however, he wrote for the Fellows of King's College, Cambridge, a criticism on a Roman History Dissertation, sent in for a King's Fellowship, and was warmly thanked by the College for the care and fulness with which it was done. For a few weeks afterwards there was a gleam of improvement. He struggled down once or twice to the *Guardian* office, did some work, and seemed none the worse. But March brought another operation, which did nothing to relieve him, and so the weary months went on. His wife's diary shows that during the summer there were occasionally painless and happy days. He lay out in his hammock in the Nelson Street garden, during August, doing a little work now and then, and sometimes there is an entry, made doubly pathetic by what followed, like that of October 4th. "W. came in to dinner, sat at bottom of table, and was his delightful self, in great spirits." In November he made a desperate effort to take up night-work again, only to find it quite impossible, and at last it was evident both to himself, and to the owner and editor of the *Guardian*, that some fresh arrangement must be made. He resigned his post, the *Guardian* allowing him a pension; and the doctors urged him to try a milder climate than Manchester.

The separation from the *Guardian* was a sore grief to him; but the suffering he had gone through had gradually weaned him from his work, and he let himself hope that time and rest would make it possible for him to do occasional writing for his beloved newspaper in the future, though under changed conditions. Universal kindness was shown him in Manchester. His colleagues on the *Guardian* wrote him a joint letter of farewell, accompanying the gift of a silver vase, a reproduction of one in the famous treasure of Bosco Reale:—

> "In token of our very deep sympathy and affection, and of our recognition of the part you have played in making the paper what it is. Some of us, who may say that we have been your pupils here, feel that we owe more to you than is possible to express, and wish to thank you from our hearts for your unfailing wise and generous help and counsel. We all unite in admiration of your work as a journalist, of your loyalty and kindness to your colleagues, and, will you allow us to add, of the splendid courage with which you have borne the sufferings of the last three years."

Arnold wrote in reply:—

> "Dear friends and colleagues, I cannot thank you as I would wish for your beautiful gift and letter. But I shall always prize both as among my very dearest possessions. I shall never read the list of names appended to your letter without recalling some pleasant association with each one of them, whether they be of my seniors, contemporaries, or juniors, and without a vivid realisation of the part which each has taken in the development of the great newspaper to which we are all attached. It is my belief that an even wider influence than it has yet attained, lies before the *Guardian*, and

it will always be one of the chief interests and pleasures of my life to watch—not without a sign of envy!—the share contributed by each one of you to its authority and usefulness.—Yours with all grateful affection, W. T. ARNOLD.

Thus closed the main chapter of his life. What remained was an epilogue, full of pathos, full also of noble endurance; and not without its intervals of respite and happiness, when, to use his own expression, the "black crow" of gnawing pain spread its wings and departed, and in its stead "a perching dove" in the shape of an easy day or hour, would descend on him, giving full play to all his old power of mind and heart, and awaking in those who watched him the vain hope that after all the worst of the disease might pass away, and be succeeded by a period, perhaps a long period, of comparative ease.

In May, 1899, he and his wife settled in a little house in Carlyle Square, Chelsea. An upstairs library received all his cherished books, and Roman history collections. It looked west over a pleasant square garden, and here, either on his sofa, or in a deep armchair, he spent most of his days, tenderly visited and remembered by his old friends, and making many new ones. Mr. Prothero, the editor of the *Quarterly*, and Mrs. Prothero were among the former; Mr. Haldane and M. Augustin Filon, the London correspondent of the *Débats*, first became personally acquainted with him after his move to London; while with Mr. St. Loe Strachey, his colleagues Mr. Hawke, Mr. J. B. Atkins and Mr. Leonard Hobhouse, Mr. Henry James, the late Mr. George Murray Smith, the well-known publisher, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Lady Oakeley, an old Manchester friend, and others who had known him in youth or at Manchester, he renewed or strengthened links

already formed; intimate friends like Miss Eleanor Sellar, or his frequent visitor Mlle. Souvestre, and his kinsman Dr. Adolphus Ward, saw him whenever they could, and brought him books, news and precious sympathy.

Mr. Haldane writes to me:—

"I have the most vivid recollections of my visits to your brother. His interest in both German literature and German philosophy was very keen, and his talk turned much on these themes. Goethe *as a thinker* was a subject that much attracted him, and had he lived, I feel pretty sure that he would have written on this aspect of Goethe's personality. We talked also of modern Liberalism. Although he was then an invalid and could hardly move, the topic inspired him with energy, and he would discuss things as vigorously as though he had daily been listening to the debates in the House of Commons. His was a rare gift—the keenness which comes of concentration; and whether the talk was of literature or of affairs, the same qualities appeared in all he said—sincerity and fearlessness. It is not often that this type of man appears among us, and society is the poorer when one such is taken away."

And Sir Ian Hamilton has very kindly sent me the following account of a conversation he had with my brother, early in 1903. The historian and the soldier were evidently drawn to each other by a common openness and freshness of mind.

"Tidworth House, Andover,
"18th May, 1906.

"Dear Mrs. Ward,—

"Yes, I have a vivid recollection of the general effect produced on me by my encounter with the strong and sympathetic personality of your brother, but I fear

that this attempt to give an account of the event will seem to you very slight and inadequate. After so long a lapse of time details have got blurred in my memory and outlines blunted, although the pleasure and profit received remain, and ever will remain, a source of real gratitude.

"I went to see Mr. Arnold about certain parallels between English and Roman history which were then very much in my mind. . . . I wished to give them precision and point by consulting a competent authority concerning the Roman frontier provinces; the methods of keeping the legions up to strength in foreign quarters, and the characters of Augustus and Tiberius. Here my fortune led me, through the good offices of a mutual friend, to pay the, to me, memorable visit to your brother which you now ask me to describe.

'Directly I arrived we plunged into a discussion concerning the parallel offered by the Roman Empire to our own, and Mr. Arnold gave me some papers he had written on the subject, as well as some German pamphlets which proved quite invaluable. All through this part of our interview he seemed to prefer to make me expound my theories whilst he kept the conversation alive by corrections or suggestions. When he did speak he was delightfully to the point, and I felt that his words were indeed golden, each of them expressing a sincere and well-considered conviction.

"But although I had come to talk about Rome, as a matter of fact the greater part of our interview was on the subject of South Africa. The way of it was this. I admired a photograph on the mantelpiece; a photograph of the picture by Velasquez illustrating the surrender of Breda. Your brother made some illuminating remarks on the gracious, gentle, chivalrous

attitude of the victorious Spanish general, whose hand was resting protectively upon the shoulder of his conquered enemy. I was thereby led to speak of General Delarey, who had once told me that his family were of Spanish origin, although they emigrated to South Africa as French Huguenots. I said that Delarey had inherited the courtly instincts of the Spanish general at Breda. His manners were perhaps those of the veldt rather than of the London drawing-room, but he was none the less for that essentially a Spanish grandee of the 16th century.

"As far as I can recollect, the course of our subsequent conversation took something of the following shape—Mr. Arnold guiding and sustaining it by drawing out such items of practical knowledge as I had been able to glean during the war. We discussed a might-have-been. By the time peace was concluded with the Boers, the continuous, prolonged fighting had burnt up most of the old rancours and jealousies which, since Majuba, had distracted the unhappy South African land. The whole country was sick unto death of war; the Anglo-Saxons were temporarily dominant; the old-fashioned Boers were a law-abiding and, in their own fashion, a generous and chivalrous race. There was nothing so fantastic as was generally supposed in the view that the moment of signing the terms of peace had been the moment of all others for proclaiming our confidence that the Dutch would loyally fulfil their share of the conditions. It was at least conceivable that no harm, but much good, might have resulted had the disarmament of the Boers been immediately followed by the granting of a Constitution and the announcement that every British soldier should be withdrawn from the Transvaal and Orange Colony

as soon as the new government found they could dispense with their services. The Boers had lost their teeth; the British were too weary to be exultant. Left at that moment to stew in their own juice, a good, working, compromise Government might have evolved itself without too much politics or talking. For a few weeks the conquerors had been vouchsafed a fair, sporting chance of extricating themselves for ever from the expense and unpopularity of directly governing a difficult country and a difficult congeries of people. But, as I pointed out, nowhere amidst any section of the British public or press had an inclination been shown to run a big risk for the sake of perhaps doing as big a thing as has ever been done in history. Under such conditions we must realise that we had avoided the off chance of honourable disaster only at a cost of a certain, long period of expenditure, responsibility and worry, and that we had now got to make the best of the results of our own choiec. Half measures were no use. Far from reducing our garrison we should now, if possible, strengthen it and console ourselves by regarding it as a convenient posted reserve to India, which is only separated from South Africa by that British lake the Indian Ocean.

"There was a look of suffering about him, but, in his manner or talk, not a vestige of the egotism or self-centrement of an invalid. The walls of the rooms were covered with books, and as he moved forward to get one of them for a reference to some point in the discussion, I could clearly see that they were his own familiar friends. I was greatly impressed by his alertness of sympathy for the interests of other people. I specially and clearly remember his habit of listening with a slow sympathetic smile which gave the en-

couraging impression that, whether he agreed or not, he liked hearing what his visitor had to say.

"Finally, I realised as I left the little house that I had enjoyed a rare privilege, and that although Mr. Arnold was shut out by cruel circumstances from the whirl of active life, his mind rose superior to his frail body and moved habitually on the plane of big thoughts and bold ideas.

"Yours sincerely,

"IAN HAMILTON."

With M. Augustin Filon, Arnold made friends *à propos* of an article written by the French journalist for the *Manchester Guardian*. It seems to have been through Arnold that the article was sent to the *Manchester Guardian*, and in announcing its publication to the writer he adds:—

"May I say for myself personally that I have long been a reader and admirer of your work? I think I have read almost everything of yours in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. . . . If you ever had the leisure and inclination to come so far as this house, you and Madame Filon would find two persons—for I speak for my wife as well as for myself—who would regard such a visit as an honour as well as a pleasure."

M. Filon came; the two men talked long and pleasantly; and the day after the visit Arnold wrote to his new acquaintance:—

"Friendship is a delicate plant, and to reach after it too quickly is sometimes the best way to tear it up by the roots. Still I cannot help telling you, after our meeting of yesterday, that it will be your fault, not mine, if we do not make friends. We are no longer young, either of us, and one may be excused for cutting

> short the preliminaries and hesitancies of friendship which are natural with young people. Then we have both suffered . . . . and neither of us has to envy in the other the brutal superiority of the robust! Moreover, you meet the world with a pleasant humour which I find very exemplary and consoling; and I am sure that to see more of you would do me good. Whether the converse is likely I by no means dare say."

The fruits of this brief but real friendship will be seen in certain lines which I hope to quote later on, when M. Filon sums up for a French audience the impression which Arnold made upon him.

None of us who saw William Arnold at this time in the little room in Carlyle Square, will ever, I think forget the wasted, stooping form, the brooding look, born of long suffering, with which he would sometimes greet even those nearest and most familiar—and then the sudden kindling, the old humorous smile, the talk, now whimsical and affectionate, now packed with thought and information on some book that interested him, some project of travel, or some visit of a friend. Never was his mind more active than during some of these later years. He took all his old interest in the subjects at which his friends might be working. His devotion to the *Guardian* never flagged. He kept a constant and critical eye on its columns, wrote often to the friends who were still working on its staff, and never missed an opportunity of serving it. Meanwhile he kept up with his own subject, and added much to his Roman history notes and collections during this time. He revised his father's edition of Dryden's "Essay on Dramatic Poetry" for the Clarendon Press, and he was still engaged in a similar revision of Thomas Arnold's "Selections from Addison" when he died. For the Dryden he read largely—"all

Dryden's prose, all Corneille's, and a whole lot of miscellaneous books from Ben Jonson and Daniel downwards," —and began to look forward to the possibility of more editing of English texts. In 1903 he wrote a biographical article on his father, "Thomas Arnold the Younger," for *The Century* magazine, and contributed besides a striking series of letters on "German Ambitions" to the *Spectator*, which were afterwards republished in book form. His object in these letters was to draw attention to the German "Flotten-Literatur" and the hostile attitude towards England of the German Chauvinist press. The number and variety of the German books and pamphlets quoted in them is, as usual, astounding. Mr. Strachey recalls how he would "tear the heart" out of them in an incredibly short time, and with what practised ease he first made himself acquainted with the whole 'lie' of the literature, and then gathered in all that the foreign booksellers of London could provide him with. One of his darling projects of the last two years was a new edition of Mrs. Gaskell. He had always been the faithful reader of her books; her daughters had been to him the kindest of friends; and nothing could have been more agreeable to him than the proposal made to him by Mr. Reginald Smith that he should undertake the rearranging and editing of her novels and tales with such separate Introductions as might be necessary. He at once began to scheme and plan; the Miss Gaskells promised to help him; but before his death he had done no more than collect a good many notes, and arrange a new provisional order of the books.

The chief new study of these later years, however, was Goethe. In May, 1901, he wrote me, "I read Goethe, and have Miss Austen read to me. If I was up to serious composition—which I am not at present—I would tackle

Goethe. I am amazed at the lack of serious English work on him." By November of the same year, he was "getting *vertieft* in Goethe. I am more and more impressed with the need of a new life of Goethe." A birthday present of a cheque to spend on Goethe books, brought him "a delightful hour in the big bookshop" at Montreux, where he and his wife were then wintering, "getting Goethe books which had been sent me on approval, and which I had hitherto refused, and ordering others, and generally enjoying myself. The next great step in my Goethe-Forschungen must be a visit to Weimar—perhaps next year, if I am up to it. . . . The amount of new material since Lewes, and even since Düntzer, is *kolossal*. Two big volumes at least would be wanted. But, alas! can I reasonably hope to do it when a single letter tires me? Perhaps a typewriter might make things easier for me. My twenty years of journalism seem to have left behind them a permanent weakness so far as writing is concerned." In March of the following year, Mr. Prothero pleased him by asking him to write a Goethe article for the *Quarterly*. His mind played eagerly with the project, and the full notebooks grew fuller still. But by a pathetic, half-confessed adjustment of the task to his powers, he gradually gave up the plan of writing on the great Goethe himself. In the course of his reading, the figure of 'Frau Aja,' the mother from whom Goethe inherited his "lust zu fabuliren" had caught Arnold's quick imagination. He read everything he could lay hands on about her, and another notebook was soon filled. But ultimately it was his niece Janet—Mrs. George Trevelyan—who, with tender care, made use of these notes in an article for the *Quarterly*, called "Goethe's mother," which contained a short sketch of Arnold, and was published in October, 1905.

Meanwhile his classics were always beside him. His little Homer is scored with fresh notes, made about this time. He read Virgil through again, and much of the Greek drama. And all through these years of pain, when his intellectual interests were all of active life that remained to him, every power of the heart remained as warm and constant as ever. His sympathy with his sisters and brothers, his grateful affection towards his wife's cousins, and his own life-long friend Mrs. Eaden, towards Mrs. Wale, his mother-in-law, and two other kind cousins, Miss Mildred Wale and Mrs. Walter Smith, who thought no trouble too great to take if it might soothe and help him, his tenderness towards his nieces and nephews—these things never failed, through all the pre-occupations of illness. Of a young relation, who was spending fifteen months in Indian travel, he wrote: "All your news about —— is delightful. What pleasanter spectacle is there on this earth than a high-minded and generous young man, with all this shining, wonderful, beautiful world before him, and with such advantages for making the best of extraordinary opportunities?" In all my books as they came out he took the old critical interest. "Eleanor," if I remember right, did not much appeal to him, but, to my delight, he found "great help and distraction, during a dark time, in 'Lady Rose's Daughter.'" "The *Beschreibung* in it," hewrote, "is reduced to the minimum, and the *Handlung* brought to a maximum, as the great Vischer says they ought to be." Of discussion, or long descriptions in a novel, he was always impatient. He liked a story to be "ripely human, and tasting of life." Mrs. Oliphant delighted him; at her best he put her very high, and there was scarcely a story of hers that he could not read or hear with pleasure. How many hours were charmed or lightened by her books! I have often wished

I could have told her. Trollope, too, was a beguiler of whom he never tired. And one book, Miss Lawless's "Major Lawrence," was a real event in the last winter of his life. "How good it is!" he would say, dwelling on the points of it with all the shrewdness of his best days; "why isn't it better known?"

With politics, naturally, through the dark years of the war in South Africa, his soul was much vexed. He could not whole-heartedly accept the English plea; but once in for the struggle, he suffered, and felt, and triumphed with the army. At the beginning, he was inclined to ask a correspondent who endorsed the war, whether "you virtuous and capable people, who support the war at home, are not really dupes and pawns in the Rhodesian game;" but as time went on, he more and more inclined to believe the trial of strength to have been past the avoiding of statesmen; and he never at any time joined in the denunciation of the army to be found in certain Liberal papers during the later stages of the war. Just as in 1895, *à propos* of Armenia, he had refused to make a dogma out of "English brutality," so now. "With all our faults ours is the humanest and most civilised of all armies. . . . The point is, are we justified in *suppressing a nationality?* To argue the question on a theory of our special depravity, and Boer special virtue, is absurd and irrelevant, besides being dead contrary to the plain facts." None the less, the doubt expressed in this last quotation weighed on him heavily. His feeling for his country indeed was natural, pugnacious, human; soon set aglow. Of an article on the work of Treitschke by an English scholar, he says on January 10th, 1897: "I thought it too indulgent, from an English and Liberal paper to that hater and contemner of England, and of every Liberal idea." "Still," he adds, characteristically, "it was

interesting." Yet no one could have been less Chauvinist than he. Keenly as he felt the ill-will of certain strata of German society towards England, which he illustrated in the letters to the *Spectator*, he was sensitive lest his friends should misread him, especially those among them who realised the passionate respect he felt for the Germans in the field of knowledge. "Thanks," he writes on July 9, 1902, "about the 'Spec.' letter. I am glad that neither you nor Morley (who sent me a kind message about it and 'was glad I had written it') misunderstood it. One would rather do anything than fortify the Jingoes just at present."

And of a review of the book he writes that it was "exactly what I wanted—emphasising the fact that the book was no mere diatribe against the Germans." But he believed that the possibility of future menace from Pan-Germanism was serious, and that the proper security against it was a closer friendship between England and France.

Ah! how good it is to remember that in the long struggle of these years there were, as I have already said, some golden moments of rest and ease, when his naturally happy nature could expand in the old ways. From the summer of 1901 to the summer of 1902, he and his wife were in Switzerland, at Chésières, Clarens, Charnex and Mont Bary—in the Gruyére country which he loved, where the mountains and the flowers spoke to him with the same magic as in his youth. "I am basking in the sun on our balcony," he writes from Chésières, "with the Dent du Midi and the Aiguille Verte in front of me, and the air crystal-pure and life-giving. . . . The weather here has turned to *beau fixe*, only that there is generally a heat-mist in the air, which veils, or rather blurs, the distant peaks. The hotel commands a regular drop-scene view. Chésières

and Villars take the sunshine, on a great semi-circular terrace, in the parky zone, with the north end of the Mont Blanc range framed in between the Muveran and the Dent du Midi. In the morning I look into the heart of an untrampled glacier, quite level, and girt by black *aiguilles* which cast long, solemn shadows. Oh, to be the first that ever burst into that silent sea of ice, on one's way from the Chamonix valley to the Val Ferret or Orsières! This view has given me an idea—that the ideal method of exploration would be to live for a week in a range, and then to go over to the range *and do it*. How delicious it would be to make one's way into that great sheet of dazzling *névé*, and suddenly to realise that this was the friend into whose heart one had looked every morning before breakfast at a distance of thirty miles away! One commands the Weisshorn, I believe, in a similar way from Montana, above Sierre, the Combin from Champex, and so on." From Charnex he wrote happily in 1903: "The ground drops rapidly from here to the Lake, and one looks to blue lake through white pear and cherry blossom, as in the old Ruskinian days before the vine-planting began."

Midway between the Swiss and the Pyrenean experiences I captured him for a few precious weeks on the Lake of Como in 1903. One afternoon comes back to me,—an afternoon in May. On a loggia, garlanded and tapestried with roses, a group was gathered, listening to a translation into English black verse of certain of the *Fioretti*, read by the poet-translator[1] in person. The air was heavy with the scent of roses; outside the sun burned on dazzling bushes of white spirea, on azaleas in full flower, on the cypresses flanking a flight of steps descending to the lake,

1. Mr. James Rhoades.

on the blue water spreading towards Lecco, on the craggy face of Monte Grigna. Butterflies hovered outside; sometimes a nightingale sang in the trees behind the house. And on his long chair, Arnold lay, his wasted form warmly wrapped, his fine brow bent forward, his intent and smiling eyes bent upon the reader, his varying look reflecting the pleasure stirred by the fine scholarship and delicate simplicity of the verse. . . . And again I remember a strange experience—strange when one connects it with his frail state. We had started from Cadenabbia on a bright afternoon, in a rowing boat, for Varenna across the lake. The water was smooth on the Cadenabbia side, but as soon as we got well out into the middle of the lake the wind caught us and the troubled water from the Lecco arm. It became extremely rough, and there was still half the lake to cross. Arnold looked round him, grasped the situation, shook himself out of the languor of illness, and took command. Steering himself, he peremptorily gave the orders, as though it had been the river at Oxford; his iron will and presence of mind transfiguring his physical weakness, and bringing the boat and its load safe to land out of a disagreeable experience. I remember, when we were certain it had done him no harm, the kind of thrill I felt,—a thrill of joy, as though once more the ghost of his young strength had appeared among us, effacing years and pain.

So the months passed, and it seemed for long as though the disease made no striking progress. But in the summer of 1903, he rapidly lost strength. The winter was passed in great suffering, but in the spring of 1904 there was a certain rally. He began to see his friends anl to read again, and in mid-March he and Mrs. Arnold started for the Pyrenees. When I said good-bye to him at Charing Cross, it was with better hopes than I had felt for months.

They settled in a friend's house near St. Jean de Luz, and for two months Arnold enjoyed the beauty of the Pyrenean spring, and the kindness of many friends old and new. "Oh, such a heavenly country of foothills!" he wrote—"such sun, such divine, aromatic air." He surrounded himself with books, many of them lent him by the kind friend Mr. Butler Clarke, whose pretty Basque cottage was close by. Nothing could have been more fortunate than the chance which brought Arnold into Mr. Butler Clarke's neighbourhood at that moment. Mr. Butler Clarke was first of all an admirable scholar in paths little trodden by Englishmen. From him we might—but for his early death—have received that History of Early Spain, which still remains a lack in historical literature, never to be filled except by one who is, as he was, a master both of Spanish and Arabic. His fresh and original power of research attracted Arnold,—but his personality still more. "There were few afternoons that we did not see him," writes Mrs. Arnold, "hurrying down the broken grass-slope that led by a short cut to our steep drive, with a pile of books under each arm. The two men would talk happily in the rose-girt verandah, generally on a subject which specially fascinated Willie,—a book of importance which Butler was planning. The delicate, thoughtful kindness of the younger man was shown to us in a hundred ways. He himself was not strong, and could only work a few hours in the day. But nothing hindered him when it was a question of help. That workman's library of his at Aice Errota, with its big writing table, and its ranks of books—a few rare curios and Moorish tiles gleaming here and there—will stand lastingly in many a mind. We spent a last long afternoon in it, and in his blooming garden, where the distant wash of the sea was heard, and its freshness mingled with the fresh borders of heavily per-

fumed spring flowers. Then when our journey home had suddenly to be planned, a dazzling May noon saw him taking our luggage himself to Biarritz for booking. He joined us there later in the train, and cheered Willie with his bright presence as far as Bayonne, where we felt for the last time the pressure of that kind hand, and heard his last encouraging words as the train moved on." Alas! the younger man has now followed the older into the Great Silence.

I meanwhile was at Cadenabbia, working at a novel, and rejoicing in the thought of the little household at St. Jean de Luz. Letters from the villa showed my brother reading and driving, delighting in the Basque people and country. "He may live many years yet, and the stage of acute suffering has passed away," one said to oneself, in thankfulness. But suddenly came bad news. There had been an attack, a change for the worse. They started for home, and I was hastily summoned. I reached London to find him in his own room at Carlyle Square—dying. Some lesion had taken place in the brain, and hope was gone. Yet he knew me perfectly, threw his arm round my neck, and murmured happily that he had done some "wonderful work" at St. Jean de Luz. For a few days he lingered. His brother, his two younger sisters, to whom he was always devoted, and Mrs. Eaden came; two of his brothers-in-law, the Rev. F. E. B. Wale, and his life-long friend, Edward Allen, from their distant homes, and Mr. Montague, and Mrs. Sellar. "I leaned over him," wrote Mrs. Sellar, "and kissed his forehead, and he faintly smiled, and I left the room, feeling "they love him not, That would upon the rack of this rough world, Stretch him out longer." Some pathetic murmurs now and then seemed to give glimpses into depths we could not reach. "God only knows what I have suffered" . . . "It's

all love." . . . "God is *the strong power*" . . . and, scarcely breathed, on the last day before his death, "I love God ; . . . I love God!" Gradually the sunburn which still told of the hot days at St. Jean de Luz passed away; the aspect grew more majestic, more remote. He lay, watched by his devoted wife, whose life had been in his, and we all came and went. On Sunday morning, May 29th, there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in his room, but he was unconscious, and on Sunday afternoon he passed away. A few days later, on June 2nd, 1904, he was buried in the beautiful churchyard of Little Shelford, Cambridge, amid his wife's kindred.

After his death many letters reached Mrs. Arnold. I can only quote one or two. One of the most brilliant of English scholars wrote: "A rare and beautiful spirit has passed away in your husband. Few men have attracted me as he did, for qualities of mind and heart. And I have watched now for years with silent admiration his heroic struggle against pain and death." And another, also a distinguished man of letters, and for a time a colleague of Arnold's at Manchester, wrote to a friend: "I remember in a visit to town some years ago, the impression, standing out beyond all others, of Arnold, with death then in his face, and holding on hard to every theme and interest in life,—looking like a disembodied spirit, and speaking with that sort of authority—on the influence of Goethe and the like. I thought that bodily wreck gave his judgments a new touch of refinement and originality. The robustness, force, etc., became a higher *quality*." His cousin, Mrs. Vere O'Brien, struck something of the same note: "Every time that I was allowed to be with him of late, and to hear his kind cousinly voice, and see that look on his calm patient face—as of one that had gone through mysterious depths of suffering unknown

to most of us in our easy-going lives—I came away with a feeling of reverence that was stronger even than pity—and with a sense that it had been good for me to be there—if only for a few minutes."

Of public tributes, hidden as his life had been, there were a good many. The long obituary notice in the *Manchester Guardian*, written by his former colleagues, together with the notice in the *Times*, showed the world something of the wealth and variety of his nature, and in the columns of the *Débats*, M. Filon, one of the French friends he so gladly made and so faithfully kept, drew a portrait of him as "A Liberal," which summed up perhaps what was most representative and significant in his life—those features and traits by which he would have been most willing to be remembered. "In the continuous effort to understand public questions, wherein, "said M. Filon, "he acted as a guide to so many others, Arnold was himself guided by the spirit and method he had acquired through his Roman History research. Is not Roman History, indeed, the best school for the politician? And to speak more generally, does not the whole secret of good journalism depend upon the application to the men and events of the passing hour, of the same critical processes which we apply to the men and events of 2,000 years ago? The ordinary journalist is an advocate, the good journalist is a historian. Arnold was that man."

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BY

W. T. ARNOLD

WRITINGS BY W. T. ARNOLD.

(In this list anonymous journalistic writings are not included.)

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